This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

**Usage guidelines**

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

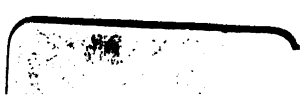
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

**About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

# MEMORIALS
## OF THE
# INDIAN MARTYRS.

600018491T



THE TRIAL OF GOPENATH NUNDY AT ALLAHABAD. [PAGE 140.

# MEMORIALS

OF

# CHRISTIAN MARTYRS

IN THE INDIAN REBELLION.

*The Well at Cawnpore*

By REV. Wm. OWEN.

LONDON, SIMPKIN. MARSHALL & CO.

226. f. 9

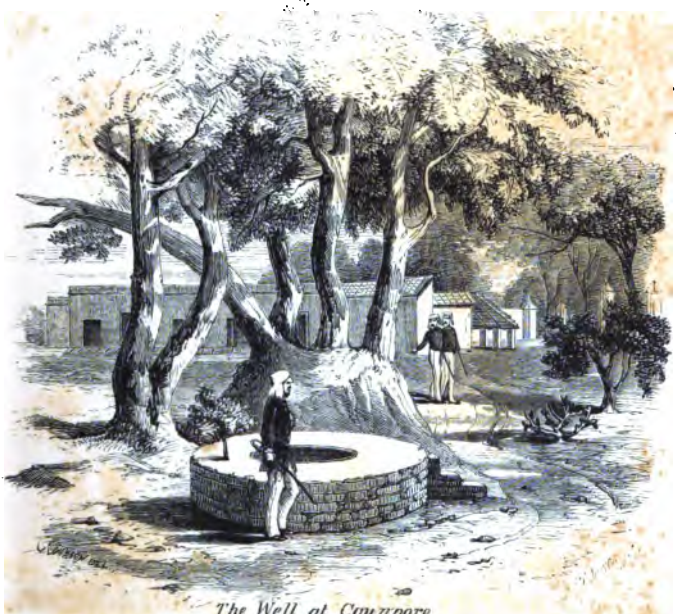
THE TRIAL OF GOPENATH NUNDY AT ALLAHABAD. [PAGE 140.

# MEMORIALS

OF

# CHRISTIAN MARTYRS

## IN THE INDIAN REBELLION.



*The Well at Cawnpore*

By REV. Wm. OWEN.

LONDON, SIMPKIN. MARSHALL & CO.

226. f. 0.

BODLEIAN LIBRARY

# MEMORIALS

OF

# CHRISTIAN MARTYRS,

AND

OTHER SUFFERERS FOR THE TRUTH,

IN THE

# INDIAN REBELLION.

BY THE

REV. WM. OWEN,

*Author of the 'Life of Havelock.'*

---

". . . . they go, they triumph, they repose!
Erewhile they fought, and conquer'd."

SHEPPARD.

---

LONDON:
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.
MDCCCLIX.

226. f. 9.

# PREFACE.

THE remarkable success which has attended the 'Memoir of Sir Henry Havelock,' as seen in the numerous commendations of the press, and its wide circulation, has encouraged the author to take a second step in the path on which he has presumed to enter. While compiling that Memoir, the writer could not fail to discover, on the part of the native converts in India, as well as our Christian countrymen, the most satisfactory indications of sublime courage in facing death as the result of maintaining the Christian faith. Subsequent investigations have brought out the most satisfactory proofs that the Christianity of the native converts of India is of that sterling quality which ought to remove doubt,

silence opposition, and stimulate the friends of Missions to greater exertion.

Before the results of the late 'fiery trial' were known, there were many predictions of failure. It was said that 'persecution would scatter Hindoo Christianity like grass'; and it must be confessed, that the friends of Christian Missions were looking on with anxiety, not unmingled with fear. A writer in the 'Church Missionary Intelligencer' says, 'It has been too much the habit to pronounce Native Christianity in India a weak exotic, which required to be screened from every rough wind. We have dealt with it too much after the fashion of an over-anxious mother with her child, our very solicitude has interfered with its healthfulness.'

The following pages will show that this solicitude was unnecessary, as the truths of the everlasting gospel sown in India in the mind of the Mussulman, and Hindoo idolater, have produced results worthy of the first days of the Christian church. To revert to the interesting paper already quoted:—

'The hurricane has broken down the conservatories

in which we had tended these rare plants, the first products of a new seed, introduced into a strange soil, and suddenly they have stood exposed without a shelter to all the fury of the blast; and beyond our expectations, they have outlived it. The native Christians have not swerved.'

These memorials are not limited to native converts. It will be seen they do honor to the Christians of our own country, who have nobly confessed their Saviour in the presence of the heathen; and they are collected from the records furnished by religious societies of various denominations.

Towards the close of the volume attention is invited to the claims of India on the greater liberality of the Christian church. It has been considered necessary also to remind the Christian reader of his present duties as a citizen and a true patriot. It is obviously a duty to sustain more laborers in the Indian Mission-field; it is equally important to require that the government, now to be conducted in the name of the Sovereign, shall be guided by principles worthy of a people who have for ages enjoyed the

light of the gospel revelation. If we are to retain our dominion in India, it must be for a high moral purpose, and our counsel must cease to respect that atheistical 'traditional policy' which sacrifices the interests of religion at the shrine of a low political expediency.

The Vignette in the title-page of this work is from 'A Pictorial Record of the Cawnpore Massacre: Three Original Sketches taken on the spot, by Charles Wade Crump,' copied by permission of Messrs. Henry Graves and Co. The Frontispiece is drawn by an artist who was present in the scenes depicted.

W. O.

LONDON,
*November 17th*, 1858.

# CONTENTS.


## CHAPTER I.

PAGE

ARGUMENT FOR CHRISTIANITY FROM THE TESTIMONY OF ITS MARTYRS AND CONFESSORS. — CHAIN OF TESTIMONY, FROM THE PRIMITIVE AGE TO THE PRESENT TIME. — THE PRESERVATION OF THE PRIMITIVE FAITH . . . . . 9

## CHAPTER II.

OUTBREAK OF THE REBELLION IN 1857. — ESTIMATED NUMBER OF VICTIMS. — FIDELITY OF NATIVE CONVERTS. — APOSTATES AND RESTORED PENITENTS . 23

## CHAPTER III.

DELHI MASSACRES. — MURDERS OF CHAPLAINS AND MISSIONARIES JENNINGS, HUBBARD, AND MACKAY. — WALAYAT ALI THE MARTYR, AND FATIMA HIS WIFE THE CONFESSOR. — A SERMON TO US. — SECTARIAN CRUELTY . . . . . 45

PAGE

## CHAPTER IV.

OUTBREAK OF THE REBELLION IN MEERUT.—REV. A. MEDLAND'S MERCIFUL ESCAPE.—JOSEPH THE CATECHIST WITNESSES A GOOD CONFESSION.—DAOUD, THE NATIVE PASTOR OF AMRITSAR.—JHUMAH AND HERA OF AMRITSAR . . . . . 62

## CHAPTER V.

CAWNPORE AND FUTTEHGURH.—THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY MARTYRS OF FUTTEHGURH—REMARKABLE LETTER FROM A LADY WRITTEN IN PROSPECT OF MARTYRDOM.—NEW PLANTS . . . 86

## CHAPTER VI.

GORRUCKPUR. — 'INDIAN BLOSSOMS.' — FORTITUDE OF NATIVE CHRISTIANS. — WAVERERS. — THE SHEEP SCATTERED AND RECOVERED . . . 114

## CHAPTER VII.

ALLAHABAD. — GOPENATH NUNDY, THE NATIVE MISSIONARY—HIS WIFE.—THE YOUNG ENGLISH ENSIGN, CHEEK.—NUNDY'S OWN DESCRIPTION OF HIS TRIAL. —THE DISPERSED RE-UNITED IN ALLAHABAD.— 'THE MARKS OF THE LORD JESUS' . . 126

## CHAPTER VIII.

AGRA.—ANXIETY FOR TWO FLOCKS OF NATIVE CHRISTIANS.—THAKUR DAS.— INTERESTING LETTER OF AN INTELLIGENT BRAHMIN CONVERT.—DWARKANATH LAHOREE . . . . . 164

PAGE

## CHAPTER IX.

CHRISTIAN SUFFERERS ALLIED TO THE MARTYRS AND CONFESSORS.—THE REV. JOHN MACKAY, BAPTIST MISSIONARY AT DELHI.—THE REV. W. H. HAYCOCK AND THE REV. H. E. COCKEY, OF CAWNPORE.—MEMORIAL CHURCH.—CAPTIVES AT LUCKNOW.—THE REV. MR. HUNTER, SCOTTISH MISSIONARY AT SEALCOTE . . . . . 175

## CHAPTER X.

THESE HISTORIES APPEAL TO THE OPPONENTS OF CHRISTIANITY AND CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.—ARE WE PREPARED FOR THE FIERY TRIAL?—ARE WE ALSO WITNESSES TO THE POWER OF THE GOSPEL?—DUTY OF CHRISTIAN CITIZENS IN RELATION TO INDIA . . . . . 191

## CHAPTER XI.

DUTY OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH IN REFERENCE TO MISSIONARY LABORS IN INDIA.—INADEQUATE SUPPLY OF MISSIONARIES.—CHRISTIAN REVENGE.—RESOLUTIONS OF THE MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.—VERNACULAR EDUCATION ADVOCATED . . 218

# MEMORIALS

OF

# CHRISTIAN MARTYRS AND CONFESSORS

## IN INDIA.

## CHAPTER I.

ARGUMENT FOR CHRISTIANITY FROM THE TESTIMONY OF ITS MARTYRS AND CONFESSORS.—CHAIN OF TESTIMONY, FROM THE PRIMITIVE AGE TO THE PRESENT TIME.—THE PRESERVATION OF THE PRIMITIVE FAITH.

It is not a valid argument for the truth of Christianity that its professors, from the commencement of its history down to the present time, have been willing to die in support of their creed; for there have been martyrs for error and even for atheism, as well as for Christian truth. Submission to death in preference to apostasy and recantation proves the sincerity of the martyr, but not the truth of his creed. In our desire, therefore, to illustrate the truth and power of Christianity, we must avoid a method of argumentation, which, if carried to its legitimate issue, would defeat the object we are

anxious to obtain, and secure for error the homage due only to truth, by the absurd conclusion that as all religious opinions have had their martyrs, therefore, they are all alike true. This caution being premised, it will be seen that the sufferings voluntarily endured by the disciples of Christ in asserting the claims of his religion, afford the most satisfactory illustration of its power, and thus furnish an important link in the chain of Christian evidence. If 'the noble army of Martyrs' are not the only champions of the cross, they are a part of the sacramental host, who are to overcome the opposition of the world, 'by the blood of the Lamb, and the word of their testimony.'

But for our Confessors and Martyrs the truth of Christianity could not be successfully maintained. The 'faithful and true Martyr,' in predicting the history of his kingdom, said to his servants, 'Beware of men; for they will deliver you up to councils, and they will scourge you in their synagogues . . . and the brother shall deliver up the brother to death, and the father the child, and children shall rise up against their parents and cause them to be put to death, and ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake; but he that endureth to the end shall be saved.'* 'They shall deliver you up to be afflicted, and shall kill you.'† 'The time cometh that whosoever killeth you, will think that he doeth God service.'‡ These afflictions were not to fall on

* Matt. xi, 17, 21, 22. † Matt. xxiv, 9. ‡ John xvi, 2.

the apostles only for in 'the Revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave unto him, to show unto his servants things which must shortly come to pass,' they were led to anticipate successive persecutions, as they followed in the train of the great conqueror. The apostle John saw at the foot of the altar 'them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held: and they cried with a loud voice, How long, O Lord, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth? And white robes were given unto every one of them, and it was said unto them that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow servants also, and their brethren, that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled.'* If the first disciples and their followers had refused the martyr's death, and had turned back as soon as their path became painful and perilous, all these solemn predictions would have been falsified, and the light of the gospel extinguished by the darkness it was intended to disperse. These predictions have been verified in the long succession of confessors and martyrs from the proto-martyr down to the last Indian convert who disdained to purchase life by bending before the idol, or repeating the Mohamedan creed. The Christian, who in times of persecution openly maintains his allegiance to our Lord Jesus Christ, but is not compelled to lose his life, is termed a Confessor, and he who is persecuted unto death we designate a Martyr, because he is emi-

* Rev. vi, 9—11.

nently a witness to the truth of Christ. In no age of the Christian church has there been a failure of such witnesses to the truth, whether in protesting against idolatry, corrupted Christianity, Mohamedanism, or infidelity.

The failure of such testimony to the truth and power of the gospel would have been fatal in another important respect. It would have proved that Christianity was unable to arm its subjects with that holy moral courage required by the Saviour of all his followers, and which might be naturally expected of believers in divine truth. Christ had told his disciples not to fear those that would kill the body; he had said, 'If any man come to me and hate not his . . . own life, . . . he cannot be my disciple,' * and in the exhortations addressed to the church by himself and his inspired servants, there is a constant requirement of the highest moral courage, the first 'virtue' they were to add to their faith. Judaism had already presented its bright cloud of witnesses; they 'were tortured not accepting deliverance, were stoned, were sawn asunder, were slain with the sword'; and among the heathen there had been found some who 'would even dare to die' rather than prove recreant to those partial glimmerings of truth that shone on their minds. Strange indeed would it have been if the 'life and immortality brought to light by the gospel' had not exalted the moral courage of believers to a higher level than had

* Luke xiv, 26.

been possessed by those of the Jews' religion, and even by enlightened heathen. If the greatest of all revelations, the manifestation of God by the express image of his person—the display of infinite love—failed to overcome the dread of death, it could be only because that revelation was pretended and not real, or because it was not believed. The impossibility of a sincere believer denying Christ for the sake of preserving life, was evident to the sagacious mind of Pliny, as we learn from his letter to Trajan respecting the treatment to which he had subjected the Christians in Bithynia. He says, 'A schedule of names was sent me by an unknown accuser, but when I cited the persons before me many denied the fact that they were or ever had been Christians; and they repeated after me the invocation of the gods, and of your image, which for this purpose I had ordered to be brought with the statues of the other deities. They performed sacred rites with wine and frankincense, and execrated Christ, *none of which things I am assured a real Christian can ever be compelled to do.*'

How remarkable the testimony thus given by Pliny to Christianity at the time when he was engaged in persecuting its professors! But this testimony was eminently due to the new faith, whose persecutors, whether Jewish or heathen, 'perceived the boldness' of its apostles and their followers. They who 'sang hymns to Christ as God,' who 'worshipped him who was crucified in Palestine,'

are described by the Pro-Consul as 'those who had a great contempt for the things of the world,' as those who 'despised death,' and 'surrendered themselves to sufferings.'

The numbers who have submitted to death as witnesses to the faint glimmerings of truth, or as victims to the delusion of error, bear no comparison to the multitudes of all ranks and ages who have died in the faith, and for the faith of Christ. In the first three hundred years of its history, Christianity was summoned by the Jewish hierarchy, and by the power of pagan Rome, to yield up its martyrs, and they came forth with a noble courage wherever their testimony was demanded. Their blood was poured out like water, but it proved 'the seed of the church.' Jerome complains that there was no day in the year, except the first of January, to which five thousand martyrs could not be ascribed. The laws that defended the life and liberty of the Roman citizen were suspended, to the damage of all who acknowledged Christ as their king. The furious cry *Christiani ad Leones*, whenever raised by the enraged Roman populace, never failed of its response in the supply of victims, hoary-headed sages, venerable matrons, delicate virgins and noble youths, who to save themselves from 'beasts at Ephesus' or in the Roman circus, would not refrain from the noble testimony, 'I am a Christian.' The courage of the female martyrs filled their persecutors with astonishment and perplexity, and often awoke the suspicion

that the new faith allied its possessors to the celestials. And who can read their good confessions without perceiving how powerfully they were adapted to the results they began to produce? Hear the language of the martyr Julietta, when put into the fire, she thus encouraged the other women who were suffering with her: 'Cease to accuse the fragility of the female sex. What, are we not made of the same matter that men are? Yea, after God's image are we all made as well as they. God did not use flesh to make women of in token of infirmity; we are bone of his bone, in token that we must be strong in the living God.' Let us add the name of the lady Blandida, and Ponticus a youth of only fifteen. The youth being requested to deny Christ by acknowledging the heathen deities refused, and at the cry of the enraged multitude was subjected to a circle of tortures until he expired; and Blandida having been scourged, and placed in a hot iron chair, was put into a net and exposed to a furious bull, by which she was tossed, until at length she was despatched by a sword. Such was her unswerving fortitude that the spectators acknowledged they had never before seen such female courage.

The subterranean galleries excavated beneath the city of Rome reveal to the Christian of the present day the consecrated retreats in which the Christian confessors of the third and fourth centuries had to hide themselves, until the first storms of persecution had died away. Here Christian people gathered

around their pastors, who, by the dim light that came down from the fissures above, read to them the sacred evangels, and the holy epistles, and built them up in the faith of Christ. Here lived those hidden ones, rejoicing in the new hopes awakened by the gospel. Here they died, or, to use their own language, were 'laid to sleep in Christ,' and the inscriptions over their tombs sculptured in the rock may be read to this day. Among these records there are some in memorial of martyrs, who, as we read in the beautiful inscriptions on their monuments, lived 'among the stars,' though their bodies rested in their tombs.

When in later times those who built the tombs of the prophets departed from their faith, and in their turn became persecutors, there always stood up a number of faithful witnesses to the truth in its uncorrupted purity. Before the glorious reformation, these confessors and martyrs arose in the valleys of the Pyrenees, the Albigenses of the Garonne and the Rhone, the Catherists of Germany, the Paterines of Milan, the Brethren of Bohemia, and the Wickliffites and Lollards in England. During the dark mediæval night when Rome revived her ancient power, and used it for the perversion of the gospel and restoration of pagan superstition, the lamp of truth was not permitted to expire, it was sedulously watched and fed with fresh oil, until the darkness had passed and the true light returned. There were many who heard the voice from heaven saying,

'Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues.' The witnesses for Christ have continued to give their testimony, and though they have been slain, denied the rites of sepulture, their ashes like those of the immortal Wickliffe cast into the river, whose remains were carried by the Swift into the Avon, and by the Avon into the sea, their testimony has been borne from town to town, and country to country, and received among all people and kindreds, and tongues and nations.

It is now more than three centuries since Rogers, the proto-martyr of the Marian persecution, suffered in Smithfield. He was followed by Hooper at Gloucester, Saunders at Coventry, and Taylor near Hadleigh, the 'moderate' Cranmer, the 'accomplished' Ridley, and the 'simple and frank' Latimer in Oxford, the two latter opposite Baliol College, on the spot commemorated by the martyrs' monument. During the succeeding three years and a-half of a reign that left England the prey of popish tyranny, the number of victims who suffered at the stake was more than seventy during each year, amounting to two hundred and eighty-four. These all died in the faith of the first Christians, refusing to bow to the idols set up in the temple of God by a superstitious priesthood. The sufferings of these witnesses to the truth produced effects like those that often resulted from the martyrdom of the first sufferers for Christ. There were among those who witnessed

these cruel tortures many who were won over to the cause for which these faithful men were ready to be offered for the faith of the gospel.

Since these days have passed away the church in these lands has entered on the missionary enterprise, and won converts to Christ among the heathen. Encountering the ridicule of the wit, the opposition of governments, and the apathy of formalists, the church has sent out its faithful emissaries, who have gone forth bearing precious seed and weeping, sustained by the consciousness of obeying a divine command, and encouraged by the promise of success. It is important that we should inquire what has been the character of the converts made by these missions. Has the seed sown in heathen lands produced a return corresponding in its type with the germs of the primitive faith? Does the incorruptible seed retain its vitality and its vigor in our days; and when sown in heathen lands does it reproduce itself in a harvest worthy of the primitive stock? These are important questions, whether proposed anxiously by the Christian who desires to witness results that shall do honor to his faith, or by the infidel and the sceptic who search for proof that Christianity is near the close of its history.

The sad experience of India affords opportunity of applying such tests, and it is only just that they should be applied alike by the friends and the opponents of christian truth; and as the result is carefully watched, ample proof is given that the gospel

retains its pristine power over the hearts of men. We have wheat now growing in our fields, the produce of grains that have lain dormant in the mummy-cases of Egypt for the last three thousand years, and whose vitality has been preserved by the power which first commanded the earth to bring it forth. The same providential care has fostered the incorruptible seed of the word, and in our day the plains and mountains of India have yielded successive harvests from those germs of divine truth which eighteen hundred years since the sower first went forth to sow over those acres that were trodden by the feet of the great Missionary from heaven.

If we have now the opportunity of seeing that the great doctrines contained in our Christian Scriptures actually exert the same power and produce the same results that are ascribed to them when they were first promulged, are we not furnished with a strong reason for confidence in the gospel narrative, which ascribes a martyr's faith to the first recipients of gospel truth? and have we not materials for the refutation of the objections brought against the evangelical history? We may safely judge of doctrines by the morals they produce, according to the infallible rule of judgment laid down by our Lord, 'By their fruits ye shall know them,' and where we discover that special form of character developed in the first Christians, we must acknowledge the operation of 'like precious faith,' and His presence

who has said, 'Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world.'

The success of recent missionary operations in India may be adduced as a proof that there is a divine power in the creed by which that success has been achieved. It is fifty years since the failure of these operations was predicted by an anonymous but well known reviewer, whose office should have been accompanied by a faith in Christian truth when made known by teachers, however humble, to hearers however opposed. One of the reasons assigned by that writer for the abandonment of these missionary labors has been triumphantly refuted by their great success. Writing without the advantage of that light which half a century has thrown on the power of evangelistic labors amidst a Hindoo population, this witty antagonist regarded as insuperable those obstacles which have by the Divine blessing been effectually overcome in more than a hundred thousand native converts. It may be well now to reperuse, as the occasion of our gratitude, the appalling representations, which when first made, may have inspired a great amount of discouragement, if not of despair. The Edinburgh Reviewer * says:—

'Another reason for giving up the task of conversion is the want of success. In India, religion extends its empire over the minutest actions of life. It is not merely a law for the moral conduct and for occasional worship, but it dictates to a man his trade,

* 'Edinburgh Review,' 1808, v. 12.

his dress, his food, and his whole behaviour. His religion also punishes a violation of its exactions, not by eternal and future punishments, but by present infamy. If an Hindoo is irreligious, or, in other words, if he loses his caste, he is deserted by father, mother, wife, child, and kindred, and becomes instantly a solitary wanderer upon the earth; to touch him, to receive him, to eat with him, is a pollution producing a similar loss of caste; and the state of such a degraded man is worse than death itself. To these evils a Hindoo must expose himself before he becomes a Christian; and this difficulty must a missionary overcome before he can expect the smallest success; a difficulty which it is quite clear that they themselves, after a short residence in India, consider to be insuperable.'

There must then be in the gospel, as proclaimed by the despised missionaries, a far greater power than this clever censor apprehended, and it might be hoped that he would have revoked his biting sarcasms against 'Methodism in India,' had he lived to witness the fruits it has produced in our days. These converts have heard the voice that says, 'Every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life.' They recognised its authority in life, they realised its truth in death. The appalling evils that made the cause of missions appear hopeless, have yielded to simple faith in the

Divine lessons taught by men who were as much despised as the first missionaries of the cross. The Brahmin has thrown aside his consecrated cord, the high caste Hindoo has confessed his brotherhood with the despised Soodra, the servile idolater has destroyed his gods, the rich man has willingly abandoned wealth and endured the loss of all things and all dear relations for Christ, and when life could be preserved only by denying him, he has 'hated his own life also,' that he might prove a disciple indeed. Who can look at such facts, occurring in myriads, and fail to perceive how they falsify the prediction that missionaries in India would prove a failure?

# CHAPTER II.

OUTBREAK OF THE REBELLION IN 1857.—ESTIMATED NUMBER OF VICTIMS.—FIDELITY OF NATIVE CONVERTS.—APOSTATES AND RESTORED PENITENTS.

On the 10th of May, 1858, appeared an official return of all who were known to have perished in the rebellion that had raged during the preceding twelve months in India. In this document we read how officers, civil servants, missionaries, traders, with their wives and sisters, the little children, their English nurses, their native servants, and, in some cases, the Christian converts, fell under the blow of the assassin. These columns show how extensive was the massacre of the English race, and how strong the determination to expel that race from India. It is harrowing to the feelings to read in these awful returns, how at Meerut, on the 10th of May, 1857, there fell, the first victims of the onslaught, thirty-one persons; at Delhi, where the work of blood began on the following day, forty women, fifty-four children; at Agra, thirty-three persons; and in the first Cawnpore massacre, between

three and four hundred. On the night of the fatal 16th of July, three hundred more men, women, and children, were butchered by the order of the merciless Nana Sahib. Additions were made to the number of victims until they were counted by thousands.

'From that time forward,' says the Rev. Joseph Mullens,* 'began a series of atrocities unparalleled in the history of our colonial settlements. From that time, in numerous localities in upper India, men, women, children of our own nation, were exposed to trials, difficulties, and dangers, of the most awful kind, and were involved in one common ruin. They were hunted down, tied together, fastened to trees and stakes, and though unarmed and defenceless, were brutally slain. For several months, over hundreds of square miles, their houses were heaps of ruins. The highways were destroyed; all traffic ceased; riot, and plunder, and murder, stalked wildly through the land, and the bodies of about 1,500 of our own countrymen and countrywomen lay unburied upon the wastes, a prey to jackals, and vultures, and the foul birds of night.'

Dr. Duff, in a letter dated from October 1st to 8th, says: 'From the fragmentary way in which details have been reaching us, it is impossible to ascertain with absolute accuracy the number of British Christians that have met with an untimely end in the midst of the present awful whirlwind of

* Speech at Exeter Hall, May, 1858.

fire and blood. One thing is certain, that, at the lowest calculation, the number cannot be under thirteen hundred. Of that number, about 240 have been British military officers—about a tenth of the officers of the Bengal army. Great as is this number, the marvel is that, amid such terrific scenes, it has been so small. I now speak of those who have been actually massacred, and not of those who have fallen in open battle with the enemy. The rest of the thirteen hundred consist of civil servants of the East India Company, assistants in Government offices, bankers, traders, agents, and ladies.

'The number also includes four chaplains, and ten male missionaries with their wives. Of the latter ten, two belonging to the Propagation Society fell at Cawnpore, and three at Delhi; four of the American Presbyterian Mission, at Futteghur; and one of the Established Church of Scotland, at Sealkote, in the Punjaub.'

The number of the victims has been variously estimated. The late Bishop of Calcutta, in a letter dated August 10th, 1857, speaks of three thousand Christians having perished since the 10th of May. Since this estimate was formed, it is gratifying to learn that the numbers are, perhaps, not more than half as many as were at first supposed to have fallen, *i. e.*, about 1,500, as estimated by the Rev. Joseph Mullens.

Among the vast numbers of our countrymen who have recently fallen on the field of battle, or by the

hands of the murderer, in India, there are many of whose religious character we are perfectly ignorant, and respecting which we are not called upon to speak, unless it be to dissent from the unguarded manner in which some of our public writers have spoken, as if they had all passed from the scene of mortal conflict to find that 'there remaineth a rest for the people of God.' It would be difficult to name an error more pernicious in its nature, or more fatal in its results. In all ages there have been numbers who would rather fight against armed foes than wrestle against temptations; and would willingly purchase immunity from the punishment due to a life of sin by dying on the battle field. False religions have promised their heaven to the warriors who have died for their defence or propagation, but no such delusion receives the least sanction from the pure teachings of Christianity, which begins in that new birth, without which no man can enter into the kingdom of heaven. Among our brave countrymen who have fallen in this terrible strife, we may count many who have passed from the field of conflict to the land of eternal peace—not because they were fighting for the honor of England, and for the suppression of the Indian revolt, but because they were, in their own hearts, engaged in the great strife with sin and Satan—they were on the Lord's side, in the grand controversy between the righteous and the wicked—between those who serve the Lord and those who serve him not.

This fiery trial has furnished many melancholy instances of apostasy from the faith. It is most distressing to read of the instances in which life has been purchased by doing homage before the shrine of some foul Hindoo idol, or by adopting the Mohamedan creed. In one instance an Englishwoman, who like her countrywomen had professed the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ, professed the faith of the false prophet, and allowed her children to deny the name of Christ as the price of their escape from death.

In the month of August last there appeared in our journals a letter alleged to be written by one of the ladies who survived the dreadful massacre of Cawnpore. The writer tells us that her life was saved by denying Christ and professing herself a Mohamedan. In her own extraordinary narrative she says—

'I shall briefly pass over the particulars of my conversion to the Mohamedan faith, and installation as a lady of the household, as I feel pained to think of this period of my eventful existence; suffice it to say, that I had to contend with sufferings enough to bend and subdue any woman. The effect of the ill treatment I had endured tended to make me a downright hypocrite. I could have been made to do anything, and I played my part as a convert to the Mohamedan creed in a style at which I feel astonished now. I was obliged to learn by heart portions of the Koran (Mohamedan Bible), and had, mornings and evenings, to get through my

devotions. If I excited the least suspicion in the minds of those about me of being a Christian, instant death would have inevitably followed.'

It was sometimes the case during the Pagan persecutions in the first ages of Christianity, that after the act of apostasy, the persecutors denied to their victims the immunity from which that apostasy was to have saved them. Similar scenes have been re-enacted in India. Some who have dishonored the sacred name of Jesus, have reaped the harvest of retribution immediately, and have failed to obtain the miserable remnant of time for which they were willing to barter their souls, and thus have afforded their enemies the fiendish gratification of destroying alike both soul and body. This tragical history has also reproduced some of those remarkable scenes witnessed in former times of persecution in the history of the church. In a moment of weakness some Christians, through the fear of death, have given way, and, like Peter, denied the Lord, but like that apostle, have afterwards repented of their sin, and renewed the Christian profession for which they were ready to die. These penitents, like Cranmer, have revoked their recantation, and looking to the Saviour for mercy, have been ready to lay down their lives for his sake.

It is difficult, if not impracticable, to compare the number of apostates among the English with those from among the native converts. It does appear, however, from a careful examination of the various

statements recently collected, that converted Hindoos and Mohamedans have been true to the standard of the cross in a larger proportion than those who were born and brought up in our Christian land. If fuller investigation should demonstrate that which is now given as a deep conviction, these facts will say much in the way of warning to multitudes who are Christians only because 'Christianity is part and parcel of the law of the land,' and much in the way of encouragement to our missionaries, by whose patient labors so many of the heathen have an intelligent acquaintance with Christian truth and a supreme love to the Redeemer.

Leaving this important point to receive illustration from future investigation, it is most gratifying to know that among the native converts the lapsed are very few compared with those who have remained steadfast in the hour of trial. In some places there were two or three who apostatised where there were scores who remained steadfast. Thus an excellent missionary says—'It is a matter of sincere gratitude to the Lord that our native Christians have managed, though with difficulty, to escape into the fort (at Agra), and thus to save their lives; but many of them are in great distress. They have not only lost all their earthly property, but the majority also the means of subsistence, at least for the present. For them this crisis is a severe trial of faith, the first of the kind which they have had to undergo; and, oh, may their faith come

out of the fire as gold tried and purified by fire. I am thankful to add, that, with the exception of two men, who are said to have denied Christ, all have stood fast in the midst of their danger by the enemies. They were entirely on our side, ready to live with us and to die with us.'

The following general sketch of the fidelity to Christ shown by the native converts throughout the scenes of the revolt was presented by the Church Missionary Society at the special meeting in Exeter Hall.

'The Annual Reports of this Society have borne frequent testimony to the genuine Christian character of the native converts. But the present crisis has not only brought out their character, and tested their fidelity, but it has also exhibited the estimation in which they are held, even by their unconverted countrymen. The largest body of native converts are in South India, and they, upon the breaking out of the mutiny, nobly professed their loyalty, and offered their aid to the Governor of Madras in any way in which their agency could be employed at this crisis. The native Christians of Kishnagurh, in Bengal, exhibited the same spirit. In the north-west provinces there were, at the time of the outbreak, between 2,000 and 3,000 native Christians, connected with different missionary societies, scattered in various stations; and, to the praise of God's grace, it is reported that, as a body, they have stood firm to their God, and to their allegiance to the Queen. They have shared, everywhere, the same losses and

the same sufferings, even to martyrdom, with European Christians. It has not yet been ascertained that more than a few individuals amongst them have been induced by fear to renounce their Christian religion; while at Bareilly and Futteghur 100 are said to have perished with the Europeans. At Delhi, a native preacher, Waylayat Ali, a Mohamedan convert, suffered nobly for Christ under a cruel death. At Amritsar a native pastor, Daoud, a converted Sikh, was living in the midst of an excited population, who abused the native Christians, and warned them that their days were numbered. Upon his being invited to remove to a place of safety, he magnanimously replied that he would rather die in his house than flee, as he daily exhorted the people not to fear them who can kill the body, but to fear God. At Allahabad, a native preacher, Gopenath Nundy, the companion of Ensign Cheek, endured cruel torments with unshaken fidelity, sustaining himself by repeating the verses, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you." (Matt. v, 11, 12.) In other districts, where the converts were not exposed to the rage of mutineers, they found protection from their heathen countrymen. Two catechists of this Society were located in a village twelve miles from Benares, in

the midst of a heathen population. When the whole surrounding country was scoured by plunderers and murderers, the missionaries at Benares invited these two catechists to come to them for safety. But the villagers remonstrated against their leaving, and pledged themselves to their defence; and they have continued their peaceful labors throughout the revolt. At Gorruckpur this Society has a Christian village, comprising 200 native Christians, with a church and schools. The government thought it right, from its proximity to Oude, to remove all Europeans and the treasure to other stations. A Hindoo rajah came forward and guaranteed the protection and safe custody of the Christian village, and of all the mission property; a written list was signed by himself, and given to the Missionary upon his departure, that all might be delivered up again safely when all the troubles should be over. The station at Gorruckpur was immediately occupied by Oude mutineers, and the green flag unfurled upon the Residency, but all has been peace in the Christian village, by the latest accounts.

'The fidelity of the native Christians has given them a new position also in the sight of Europeans in India. Their help has been earnestly sought by those who had been deserted by their heathen attendants in their hour of need. The local authorities at Benares and Agra have invited them to enlist as policemen and as gunners; and in the Punjaub a Commissioner has thrown open the public

service in his department to any who may be qualified for admission.

'Such proofs of the genuineness of native Christianity are encouraging, if viewed only as the results of past missionary labor. That a large proportion of the converts are infirm and immature Christians is confessed by all. But many bright exceptions there are; and these are the staple from which native teachers may be obtained. The hopes of Missions centre in native agency, under European superintendence; and now the quality of such an agency may be known and read of all men.'

In the subsequent chapters it will be seen that these expressions of holy satisfaction were abundantly justified, and as the details are perused, the most convincing proof will be afforded that our Christian brethren in India have received the gospel in its power. May we not appeal to them, as did the apostle of the Gentiles to the Thessalonians, 'For this cause also thank we God without ceasing, because when ye received the word of God which ye heard of us, ye received it not as the word of men, but as it is in truth, the word of God, which effectually worketh also in you that believe. For ye, brethren, became followers of the churches of God which in Judæa are in Christ Jesus: for ye also have suffered like things of your own countrymen, even as they have of the Jews.'

It may be important here to notice the results of recent missionary operations among the natives of

India, at a period just preceding the outbreak of the rebellion. We are enabled to furnish a sketch from the pen of the Rev. Joseph Mullens, of Calcutta, whose valuable missionary statistics reach down to 1852. Referring to that period he says—

'THE NATIVE CHRISTIAN CHURCHES in India, established by missionaries, now amount to THREE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-ONE. Some of these contain numerous members, but the great majority have but a few. It must be remembered that the standard of admission into these little societies is not everywhere the same. Some missionaries admit members only upon good evidence of their conversion, arising from competent knowledge and consistency of Christian conduct. Others require merely a certain amount of knowledge in their communicants, and the absence of great inconsistencies. By some the communion of the Lord's Supper is considered a church privilege, to be enjoyed only by those who can appreciate it. By others it is counted a means of grace which shall fit men for understanding its ends. The number of members admitted on the higher standard is *five thousand four hundred;* of those on the lower *thirteen thousand.* The care of these infant churches constitute one of the missionary's hardest trials. While it is a matter of thankfulness and joy to see their members forsaking idolatry, seeking the true salvation, and attending regularly the means of grace, their defects, their backslidings, and the grievous falls into sin which

sometimes occur, prove how imperfect their character is, and give him many a bitter hour. It is scarcely just to look for any high general development of Christian excellence amidst the dense heathenism of India, and amidst a people as low in moral goodness as any in the earth. The evil may be accounted for; how to devise a remedy is more difficult. Careful pastoral superintendence and instruction, raising the standard of admission into the body of communicants and members, and the faithful administration of Scripture discipline, may, under the Divine blessing, tend to the elevation of Native Christians, and by degrees diminish the evils which prevail among them.

'Connected with the Native churches is a body of individuals cut off entirely from the great communities of Hindoos and Mussulmans. It includes not only the families of native Christians, but of many others who have cast off the restraints of heathenism, and placed themselves under the influence of the gospel. Though but nominally Christian, they are all under regular Christian instruction; the children especially are cared for in schools; and, under the blessing of God, much good may be effected among them in the future.'*

From the same reliable source we have selected the following general view of the religious operations in India, as occupied by the twenty-two missionary

* See 'Results of Missionary Labor in India.'

Societies, among which the vast mission field was divided.

'At the commencement of the year 1852 there were laboring throughout India and Ceylon—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| The agents of | 22 | Missionary Societies. |
| These include | 443 | Missionaries; |
| of whom | 48 | are ordained Natives; |
| together with | 698 | Native Catechists. |
| These agents reside at | 313 | Missionary Stations. |
| There have been founded | 331 | Native Churches, |
| containing | 18,410 | Communicants; |
| in a community of | 112,191 | Native Christians. |
| The Missionaries maintain | 1,347 | Vernacular Day-schools |
| containing | 47,504 | boys: |
| together with | 93 | Boarding-schools, |
| containing | 2,414 | Christian boys. |
| They also superintend | 126 | superior English Day-schools, |
| and instruct therein | 14,562 | boys and young men. |
| Female education embraces | 347 | Day-schools for girls, |
| containing | 11,519 | Scholars: |
| but hopes more from its | 102 | Girls' Boarding-schools, |
| containing | 2,779 | Christian girls. |

'The Bible has been wholly translated into *ten languages*, and the New Testament into *five* others, not reckoning the Serampore versions. In these ten languages, a considerable Christian literature has been produced, including from twenty to fifty and even seventy *tracts*, suitable for distribution among Hindoos and Mussulmans. Missionaries have also

established and now maintain twenty-five PRINTING *establishments.* While preaching the gospel regularly in numerous tongues of India, they maintain ENGLISH SERVICES in *seventy-one* chapels for the edification of our own countrymen. The total cost of this vast missionary agency during the year 1851 amounted to ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY THOUSAND POUNDS; of which £33,500 were contributed in this country, not by the native Christian community, but by Europeans. A few comments on these expressive facts may put them in a clear light.

The various MISSIONARY SOCIETIES from which these efforts spring are twenty-two in number. Besides the great Missionary Societies of England, the Established and Free Church of Scotland's Missions and the American Board, they include the American Presbyterian Church; the American Baptist Missions; six societies in Germany, of which the Society at Basle ranks first in its amount of agency; the General Baptist Society; the Irish Presbyterian Church, and others. To these we must add the six Bible and Tract Societies of England and America. It is a most gratifying fact that, notwithstanding the numerous and sometimes bitter controversies which occur among Christians of the western world, their missionary messengers in the East Indies exhibit a very large amount of practical and efficient Christian union. While occupying stations apart from each other, and thus avoiding occasion of mutual interference with each other's

plans, in numberless instances the laborers of different societies cultivate each other's acquaintance, and preach together to the heathen. Almost all use the same versions of the Bible; and the Christian tracts and books written by one missionary become the common property of all others. At Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, the missionaries of all societies are accustomed to meet monthly for mutual conference and united prayer. In these meetings, all general questions relating to the more efficient conduct of missionary operations, to common difficulties and common success, are brought forward and discussed; while frequent occasions are furnished in private for cultivating personal friendships of the closest kind. Of the exceeding value of such union, as well as of its duty, scarcely too high an estimate can be made.'

At the last Annual Meeting of the Baptist Missionary Society two very valuable pictures were presented; the first representing the state of India sixty-six years since, when the despised and persecuted missionaries were entering on their labors. The second picture gives the Indian mission just previous to the outbreak and many years after these faithful men had gone to their rest. As it will be profitable to 'look on this picture, and on that,' it may be well to present both the scenes in the manner they are given in the Report.

We have then, first, the state of India just before the modern missions had begun:—

'In this pause of missionary labor it may be thought not unfitting the occasion to recal what India *was* when your missionaries entered on their labors, and what it now *is* after half a century of expenditure of piety, mind, and treasure upon its evangelisation. Such a comparison may furnish materials by which to estimate the probable results of labors having the present as their starting point. Our fathers labored, and we have entered on their labors; let us see whether the circumstances in which we find ourselves encourage devotion and zeal like theirs.

'When Carey first pondered over the religious condition of the heathen world, idolatry reigned throughout India, only here and there limited in its sway by the hostile monotheism of the prophet of Mecca. With the exception of six or seven most estimable Danish and German missionaries in the Peninsular, Hindustan was one wide desert of frightful spiritual desolation. The missionary of the cross was nowhere to be met with in all northern India. The word of God was altogether unknown, and but the rarest facilities existed for the acquirement of the vernacular languages of the country. Caste bound the people with an unbroken chain. The priesthood dominated over every class of society. The Sudra was the slave of the Brahmin. Legal or social rights there were none but for the twice-born. The cruelest and vilest rites were practised in the temples and at the festivals of the gods. Infanticide

abounded. A thousand suttees were annually burnt on the pyre of their husbands in Bengal alone. Slavery existed in many parts of the country. The ravages of the Mahrattas and the Pindarries had scarcely ceased with the establishment of the British power, and not without leaving behind them fearful traces of their wasting inroads in ruined cities, pillaged homesteads, and jungle-covered fields. Roads there were none. The country was fast falling into utter barbarism. Letters had well nigh ceased to be cultivated. What learning there was was the property of the pundits, and the sacred books were carefully secluded from the eye of the common people.

'On the suppression of internal strife, the overthrow of the empire of the Moslem, and the rise of the English dominion, idol worship enjoyed a revival. The occasion favored it. The temples were again thronged. The places of pilgrimage, made safely accessible by the introduction of order and law, were visited by multitudes, and the horrors of Juggernath were repeated at Gya, Benares, Allahabad, and Hurdwar. Yogis and faquirs roamed the country in large bands, voraciously feeding upon the possessions of the poor, and committing unmentionable atrocities. English authority had even become a party to the maintenance and extension of this system of evil. Alienated lands were restored. The endowments of mosques and temples were carefully husbanded, and placed under the care of the

fiscal officers of the State. Temples were built and repaired by funds supplied from the State treasuries. Roads to sacred places were made, the pilgrims taxed, and the revenues of the country profited by the superstitions of the people. Schools, there were none, except for the study of the Koran and Shastre, or for the purpose of imparting to the trading classes the merest rudiments of writing and arithmetic. The people literally perished for lack of knowledge.'

The second picture is drawn with equal skill and fidelity:—

'From the lone wanderer in the Sunderbunds of Bengal, and the six or seven faithful men on the coast of Tranquebar, the missionary band has multiplied to nearly five hundred missionaries, the chosen messengers of Christ from all the churches of Christendom. Seven hundred converts assist them in preaching Christ crucified, and in distributing the bread of life to their perishing fellow countrymen. In lands where only the revelry of idol worship, or the hoarse fanaticism of the followers of the false prophet, insulted the God of heaven, there now gather around the table of the Lord some 20,000 persons, who have learnt to sing the songs of Zion. A hundred thousand more are released from the chains of caste, and worship at the footstool of the Most High, and as many more stand perfected before the throne of God and the Lamb. The jungles of Burmah, too, have given to Christ's church

an accession of many thousand souls, their conversion almost answering the prophet's question, 'Shall a nation be born at once?' Within the circuit of the British empire in the east, the existence of more than four hundred Christian churches testifies that his servants have not labored in vain.

'Besides this brief summary of work done, it must not be forgotten that the missionaries have traversed the country in all directions, and have communicated to myriads some knowledge of the way of salvation. Moreover, they rejoice in the prevalence of the impression on the minds of the population generally, that the reign of Hinduism is drawing to a close. The festivals of the gods are celebrated with less pomp and circumstance, pilgrimage is on the decrease, fewer temples are annually erected, Brahmins complain of the diminution of their gains, devotees have diminished in number and are held in less esteem, and indecencies are, to a great degree, withdrawn to the dark precincts of the temple courts, especially in localities were Europeans reside. Nowhere is idolatry so defiant as it was in the early days of evangelic toil. Evidence yearly accumulates to establish the fact that numbers serve, in secret, the Lord of Hosts, whom fear, or other motives, at present restrain from the confession of it. In some places there have appeared popular movements in favor of Christianity, which may fairly be regarded as only preliminary to a wider acceptance of the gospel. Such have been the movements in the villages south of

Calcutta, in the districts of Jessore, Barisaul, and Krishnaghur, among the Shanars of southern India, and the indigenous inhabitants of the hills of Chota Nagpore. If some, with little knowledge, have cast off the trammels of heathenism, yet is there a blessing even in the lowest measure of departure from the abominations and superstitions of the land; others, in considerable numbers, have vindicated their claim to be regarded as genuine converts to the gospel of Christ.

'The missionaries have wielded the power of the press with the most important results. They were the first to apply it to the preparation and issue of books in the languages of the common people. By them the vernaculars have been cultivated, and elevated from a rude patois into forms fitted for the expression of the highest truths. The word of God has been translated, in whole or in part, into the principal dialects of the country. The rude inhabitants of the hills have had their native tongue reduced to writing, and portions of the Scriptures and other books prepared for their instruction. Upwards of two millions of parts or volumes of the sacred writings of our faith have issued from the mission presses. The learned pundits of the country have received, nearly complete, the whole Bible in the Sanscrit tongue, from the diligent and arduous studies of Carey, Yates, and Wenger. Four volumes of this great work and noble monument of missionary learning have already left the press, and

the present year will, it is hoped, witness its completion. Tracts in uncounted numbers have spread through the length and breadth of the land the good tidings of peace, and several millions of school books have contributed to the instruction and enlightenment of the present generation.

'In all this we have results actually gained. They are the direct product of missionary exertion. They are incontestible evidences that the Lord's servants have not labored in vain. Changes to be presently referred to, may, or may not, be owing to the same diligent workmanship; the facts given above are indubitable proofs of God's approval of the well-directed labors of the missionary band. But for their sanctified exertions, these facts would have had no existence. They are the first fruits unto God of the consecration of his church in these latter days to the extension of his praise, and to him shall be the glory. His blessing puts to shame the scoffs of adversaries.'

The records that follow are not designed to embrace the histories of all who have died in the Lord in the Indian rebellion, and whose numbers it would be scarcely possible to obtain. The selection is limited to those cases in which the sufferers have had the opportunity to testify their love of the truth, or have died in its defence, and includes Christians from other lands as well as native converts.

# CHAPTER III.

DELHI. — MURDER OF CHAPLAINS—MISSIONARIES—JENNINGS, HUBBARD, MACKAY, WALAYAT ALI THE MARTYR, AND FATIMA, HIS WIFE—THE CONFESSION.—SECTARIAN CRUELTY.

On the morning of the 11th of May, 1857, the mutineers from Meerut entered the city of Delhi, where, after some very determined and ineffectual resistance, they proceeded to their dreadful work of massacre. Among their earliest victims were the Reverend Mr. Jennings, the chaplain, distinguished for his unwearied diligence, and a young lady, his daughter, who was on the eve of marriage. She fell under the hands of the murderers, but not until she had seen them butcher her father, and had been subjected to the vilest dishonor. Her melancholy destiny was that of many of our countrywomen, who, with their husbands and children, endured the most cruel tortures before being despatched by their infuriated assassins.

The Rev. A. R. Hubbard, of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, fell on the same day before the fury of the mutineers. The manager of

been associated at Chittura, "he hesitated for some time; he knew well the dangers and difficulties he should have to grapple with, and the peculiar hatred of the Mohamedans to any one who had left their ranks, and he might well hesitate before he undertook such an arduous task. When once, however, the path of duty had been ascertained, he consulted no more with flesh and blood, but declared to me his readiness to go, though he might be called to lay down his life for his Lord and Saviour. When he bade a sorrowful good bye to us at Chittura, with his interesting family, little did I expect how soon he would be called to the presence of his Lord in the martyr's chariot of fire. I visited him at Delhi, when other duties permitted, and often preached with him to large and attentive crowds of people in the Chandni Chouk bazaar, and other great thoroughfares, and I heard, the last time I was there, that his influence was being felt among the respectable Mohamedans, and that one of the princes from the palace paid him an occasional visit during the darkness of the evening. There can be no doubt that many in Delhi, who had failed to stop his mouth by fair argument, were too ready to stop it by the sword, as soon as the dread of British power was removed; and hence I conclude the townspeople (who knew him, and not the Sepoys from Meerut, who could not know him), on the breaking out of the insurrection, rushed on and cut him down.'

'On Monday, the 11th of May, about nine

o'clock in the morning, my husband was preparing to go out to preach, when a native preacher, named Thakoor, of the Church Mission, came in, and told us that all the gates of the city had been closed, that the Sepoys had mutinied, and that the Mohamedans of the city were going about robbing and killing every Christian. He pressed hard on my husband to escape at once if possible, else that we would all be killed. My husband said, "No, no, brother, the Lord's work cannot be stopped by any one." In the meanwhile fifty horsemen were seen coming, sword in hand, and setting fire to the houses around. Thakoor said, "Here they are come! now what will you do? run! run! I will, and you had better come." My husband said, "This is no time to flee, except to God in prayer." Poor Thakoor ran, was seen by the horsemen, and killed. My husband called us all to prayer, when, as far as I recollect, he said—

'"O Lord, many of thy people have been slain before this by the sword, and burned in the fire, for thy name's sake. Thou didst give them help to hold fast in the faith. Now, O Lord, *we* have fallen into the fiery trial. Lord, may it please thee to help us to suffer with firmness. Let us not fall nor faint in heart under this sore temptation.

"'Even to the death, oh! help us to confess, and not to deny thee, our dear Lord. Oh, help us to bear this cross, that we may, if we die, obtain a crown of glory."

'After we had prayers, my husband kissed us all, and said:—

'"See that, whatever comes, you do not deny Christ; for if you confide in him, and confess him, you will be blessed, and have a crown of glory. True, our dear Saviour has told us to be wise as the serpent, as well as innocent as the dove; so, if you can flee, do so—but, come what will, *don't deny Christ.*"

'Now I began to weep bitterly, when he said, "Wife, dear, I thought your faith was stronger in the Saviour than mine. Why are you so troubled? Remember God's word, and be comforted. Know that if you die, you go to Jesus. And if you are spared, Christ is your keeper. I feel confident that if any of our missionaries live, you will all be taken care of; and should they all perish, yet Christ lives for ever. If the children are killed before your face, oh! then take care that you do not deny Him who died for us. This is my last charge, and God help you!"

'Now, some horsemen came up and the faquirs (devotees) who lived near us told them to kill my husband—that he was an infidel preacher—and that he had destroyed the faith of many by preaching about Jesus Christ. The troopers now asked him to repeat the *Kulma*,* but he would not. Two of them now fired at us, and one shot passed close by my husband's ear, and went into the wall behind us.

* The Mohamedan Creed.

Now all the children fled through a back-door towards the house of Mirza Hajee, one of the Shazadas (or princes), who respected my husband, and was fond of hearing of the love of God through Christ. He dressed like a faquir, and seemed partial to the gospel. He took in my seven children, who fled for refuge. One of the troopers now interposed, saying, "Don't kill them; Walayat Ali's father was a very pious Mussulman, who went on a pilgrimage to Mecca, and it is likely that this man is a Christian only for the sake of money, and he may again become a good Mussulman." Another trooper now asked my husband, "Who then are you, and what are you?" He answered, "I was at one time *blind*, but now I see. God mercifully opened my eyes, and I have found a refuge in Christ. *Yes I am a Christian, and I am resolved to live and die a Christian.*" "Ah," said the trooper, "you see that he is a Kaffir, (barbarian); kill him." Again he was threatened with loaded muskets pointed at his breast, and asked to repeat the Kulma, with a promise of our lives and protection. My husband said, "I have repented once, and I have also believed in Christ, so I have no need of further repentance." At this time two European gentlemen were seen running down the road leading to the river, when the troopers said, "Let us run after these Feringhees first, then we can return and kill these infidels." So they went.

'My husband now said to me, "Flee, flee—now

is the time—before they return." He told me to go to the faquirs' Tukeea, while he would go to the Rev. Mr. Mackay's house to try to save him. I went to the Tukeea, but the faquirs would not allow me to go in, and would have had me killed, but for the interposition of Mirza Hajee, the Shazada, who said to the troopers, "This woman and her husband are my friends; if you kill them I will get you all blown up." Through fear of this they let me go, when I began to cry about my children; but Mirza Hajee told me that he had them all safe. I now went after my husband towards Mr. Mackay's house in Dyriagunge, the house formerly occupied by Mr. Parry, of the Delhi bank. On the way I saw a crowd of the city Mohamedans, and my husband in the midst of them. They were dragging him about on the ground, beating him on the head and in the face with their shoes; some saying, "Now preach Christ to us." "Now where is the Christ in whom you boast?" And others asking him to forsake Christianity and repeat the Kulma. My husband said, "No, I never will; my Saviour took up his cross and went to God—I take up my life as a cross, and will follow him to heaven." They now asked him mockingly if he were thirsty, saying, "I suppose you would like some water?" He said, "When my Saviour died, he got vinegar mingled with gall; I don't need your water. But if you mean to kill me, do so at once, and don't keep me in this pain. You are the true children of your prophet

Mohamed. He went about converting with his sword, and he got thousands to submit from fear. But I won't. Your swords have no terror for me Let it fall, and I fall a martyr for Christ."

'Now a trooper came up and asked what all this was about. The Mussulmans said, "Here we have a devil of a Christian who will not recant, so do you kill him." At this the Sepoy aimed a blow with his sword, which nearly cut off his head. His last words were, "*O Jesus, receive my soul!*"

'I was close by under a tree, where I could see and hear all this. I was much terrified, and I shrieked out when I saw my poor husband was dead. It was of no use my staying there, so I went back to the chapel compound, when I found my house in a blaze, and people busy plundering it. I now went to my children, to the house of Mirza Hajee, where I stayed three days, when orders were issued to the effect that should any one be found guilty of harboring or concealing Christians, they would be put to death. The queen, Zeenut Mahal, had some fifty Europeans concealed, and she did all in her power to save them, but was compelled to give them up. Mirza Gohur, a nephew of the king, knew that I was with Mirza Hajee, and he remonstrated with him, and warned him of the consequences of keeping me. Mirza Hajee now told me that I must take one of two steps, either become a Mohamedan or leave his house. Both of them urged upon me to leave Christianity, saying, that every

Christian in India had been killed, and that for me to hold out would be great folly. I was promised a house to live in, and thirty rupees per month to support myself and children, and that no one should molest me. God helped me to resist the temptation, and I said, "No, I cannot forsake Christ; I will work to support my children, and if I must be killed, God's will be done." I had now to go out with my seven children. A *coolie* (porter) who came with me led me to the Kotwali (police station), and some Sepoys there attempted to kill us. One man, however, knowing who I was, told them that I was under the protection of the king, and not to kill me. I now went about seeking for some place to dwell in; but no one would take us in, lest they should be murdered on our account. So I had to wander from one place to another for some ten days, having no place to rest, and nothing hardly to eat. Out of the city we could not go, for all the gates were closed, and strict orders given not to allow any woman to go out.

'On the thirteenth day a large body of the Sepoys went out, and I managed to mix with the crowd, and got out with my children. I now went to a place in the suburbs of Delhi, called Tulwaree, where I got a room for eight annas a month. Six rupees was all the money I had, all the rest having been taken from us by the Mohamedans.

'When the English soldiers arrived before Delhi, I found my position anything but safe; for

the Sepoys had a strong party there, and we were exposed to the fire of friends and foes. Cannon balls came near us again and again, and one day one even got into our room, but did us no harm.

'I heard that many people went to a place called Soonput, twenty coss (forty miles) from Delhi, so I accompanied some people there.

'In this place I remained for three months, working hard to keep my little children from starvation. I was chiefly engaged in grinding corn, getting but one anna for grinding nine seers (18 lbs.) and in order to get a little food for all, I often had to work night and day; yet the Lord was good, and we did not starve.

'When I heard that the English troops had taken Delhi from the city people, many of whom came into Soonput in a great terror, I left with two other women, who went in search of their husbands. I again came to Tulwaree, where the whole of my children were taken ill of fevers and colds, and I was in great distress. The youngest child died in few days, and I had not a pice to pay for help to get it buried. No one would touch it. So I went about the sad task myself. They indeed said that if I would become a Mohamedan, they would bury it for me. I took up the little corpse, wrapped it in a cloth, and took it outside the village. I began to dig a little grave with my own hands, when two men came up and asked why I was crying so. I told them, and they kindly helped me to dig a grave, and

then they left. I then took up the little corpse, and looking up to heaven, I said :—

'"O Lord, thou hast been pleased to call to thyself this little child, and I have been able to bring his little body to be buried. But, O Lord, if thou shouldst call one of the *big* ones, how can I bring it? Have mercy upon me, O Lord, and permit me to meet with some of thy dear people again; and if not, O Father, take to thyself the mother with the children."

'Now I was anxious to get into the city, and sent a message by a native Christian, Heera Lall, who knew us well. I at last found him, and got into Delhi, where I was kindly treated. The Church of England minister offered to get me a monthly allowance if I would join their church. But I would not do so, as I wished to keep to my own denomination. I got Heera Lall to write to Agra, in hopes that some of our missionaries might be alive, and when you wrote back I cried for joy, and thanked God; for I now knew that what my dear husband said would be fulfilled—that if our missionaries would be spared, I and the children would have friends.

'Of the Rev. Mr. Mackay, and Mrs. Thompson and family, I have to say, that before I left Delhi I went to Mrs. Thompson's house, where I saw a sight which horrified me. Mrs. Thompson and one daughter lying dead on a bed grasping each other, and the other on the floor by the side of the bed.

The heads were quite severed from the trunks! Of Mr. Mackay I heard that he (with several other gentlemen) was killed in Colonel Skinner's house, after a resistance of three or four days. The king ordered the people to dig up the floor of the cellar where they had taken shelter, and to kill them.'

Who can peruse this noble record and not rejoice in the proof it affords that the gospel retains all its pristine power to animate with a dauntless courage the hearts into which it is received. Walayat Ali 'being dead yet speaketh'; and while his voice attests the divine virtue of true Christianity, it should be a special study of all who profess the christian faith. What a lesson does he teach on the value of prayer in times of overwhelming danger, when he says to those around him who are urging him to fly, 'This is no time to flee—except to God in prayer'! And what models of earnest prayer are given by the native convert and his noble wife in their brief, comprehensive, and earnest supplications. The martyr thinks of the cloud of witnesses, and prays that he and his may have help to suffer with firmness, and not to faint in the day of trial, while the confessor in her bereavement speaks to God in prayer, and tells him of her sorrows as she knew he heard and pitied her. How great the composure and peace of the good man when he gently rebukes the weak faith of his weeping wife—'I thought your faith was stronger than mine'; and

when he spake of his decease, and directed his friends to be wise as serpents, but, come what would, not to deny Christ! This faithful martyr displays true Christian heroism, when, threatened with instant death from the loaded muskets pointed at his breast, and promised life if he will only repeat the Mohamedan creed, he nobly replies to the question, 'Who are you?' 'I was at one time blind, but now I see. . . . I am a Christian, and am resolved to live and die a Christian.' Here again we witness the holy faith of Stephen the proto-martyr, when, amidst like sufferings, the crowd gathers around him, and they are dragging him on the ground, beating him on the head and face with their shoes, and taunting him with preaching Christ, and like the Saviour's own persecutors, calling on him to prophesy to them, he rejects another proposal to save his life by repeating the Kulma by saying, 'No, I never will; my Saviour took up his cross and went to God. I take up my life, as a cross, and will follow him to heaven.' Mark also the calm self-possession with which the dying man charges his persecutors with being the true children of Mohamed, who went about converting with his sword, and obtained his proselytes through fear. 'Your swords have no terror for me.' Is that not a sublime courage with which he says 'Let it fall, and I fall a martyr for Christ'? Who can deny to him the place of a martyr, as he claims it? Just before the blow fell, which nearly severed his head from his body, he might have lived if he

would have recanted. The Mussulmans labored to induce him to return to the faith of his fathers, but they toiled in vain to shake the faith of this true believer, who stood on the rock against which the gates of hell shall not prevail. His last words were those of the great leader in the noble procession into which he fell, 'O Jesus, receive my spirit!'

This narrative does not close without recording one fact, which must give unmitigated pain to every Christian who reads it, to whatever section of the church he may belong. This Christian heroine, whose name must henceforth hold a high place among the holy women who have brought honor to the cause of Christ, after passing through scenes of great affliction, from the martyrdom of her husband, from extreme poverty, notwithstanding excessive toil, from the illness of all her children, and the death of one of them, whose grave she had to dig with her own hands, and with a funeral service improvised by herself, but unique for appropriateness and fervor, ought to have been received into the bosom of the universal Christian church with all love and honor. How humiliating is the statement made by her own lips, that a Christian minister, who had the means of relieving her distress, offered to obtain for her a monthly allowance if she would join the church of which he was a minister, and abandon the church to which she conscientiously belonged. This man, whose name we are not careful to discover,

did as much to dishonor the name of Christ as the poor woman had done for its honor. What could be more unlike the loving spirit of Christianity than to look on such a noble confessor, and refuse her support unless she abandoned one section of the universal church and passed over to another? She would indeed have been a most valuable addition to any church, and no censure is due to the minister who would have been glad to welcome her within his particular fold; but what language shall be employed to characterize the narrow spirit that allowed this martyr's widow, herself a sufferer for Christ, to remain in destitution unless she denied one article of her creed, which she, whether rightly or wrongly, regarded as a part of the faith for which she was willing to die? We are satisfied that the church whose number this gentleman appears so anxious to augment will render him little thanks for attempting to enlarge its numbers by a sordid bargain with a poor starving woman, who had been reduced nearly to death by her privations and sufferings among the heathen population. Conduct like this in the presence of Mohamedans and Hindoos cannot but prove a serious impediment to those who might be disposed to submit to the claims of Christian truth. There can be few attractions for a heathen in that caricature of Christianity that divides it into septs and clans, who have no loving charity for each other, and who regard as aliens all who say Sibboleth, when they ought to pronounce the orthodox Shibboleth.

No one is fitted to represent the church of Christ in India who has yet to learn that 'we, being many, are one bread and one body,' and who is not prepared to rejoice in the triumphs of all who are casting out devils in the sacred name of Jesus, though they follow not in the party to which he belongs.

# CHAPTER IV.

OUTBREAK OF THE REBELLION IN MEERUT.—REV. A. MEDLAND'S MERCIFUL ESCAPE.—JOSEPH THE CATECHIST WITNESSES A GOOD CONFESSION.—DAOUD, THE NATIVE PASTOR OF AMRITSAR.—JHUMAH AND HERA OF AMRITSAR.

THE Reverend A. Medland, Church missionary at Meerut, was the first to witness the outburst of the storm which had been gathering its destructive elements, and giving certain intimations of its approach, some ten days before it descended in its fury on the Europeans in that city. Ten days before the fatal 10th of May, the conduct of the people in the streets and lanes where the missionaries preached had been marked by indifference, and had become exceedingly insulting; and on the evening of that Sabbath the sacred services were abruptly terminated by the alarming fire of musketry, which was followed by the dreadful intelligence that the Sepoys were advancing towards the mission church, and murdering all the Europeans they could find. We can give these facts in the words of Mr. Medland:—

'Whilst I was performing service in our mission chapel on Sunday evening, I heard a great noise, shouting and yelling, accompanied by occasional

firing of musketry. At the conclusion of the prayers I inquired the cause, and was informed that the Sepoys were fighting in their own lines. Apprehending no danger, as the lines were at some distance, I commenced my sermon; but had not proceeded far when a man rushed in and informed me that the Sepoys were advancing upon us, and murdering all the Europeans they could lay hands on. Mr. Parsons, our catechist, quickly followed, and confirmed his statement, when I at once dismissed the congregation, and, at his suggestion, drove off in a direction opposite to my house. By this time huge masses of smoke were ascending in various directions, and, shortly after, we passed the European troops marching to the scene of disturbance. Being assured the danger was imminent, we proceeded to seek shelter in the house of a friend. Ere we could enter his compound we heard a savage yell behind us, and immediately an empty buggy passed: the owner, we have since heard, was murdered on the spot, and a gentleman who accompanied him very dangerously wounded. We, however, were mercifully permitted to enter our friend's house in safety, where we remained until escorted by some officers to a place of greater security. The night was passed in a state of fearful anxiety and suspense, whilst the illuminated sky, and the distant firing, proclaimed that the work of destruction and carnage was proceeding. Towards morning the firing ceased, when we were horrified by the various accounts which were brought in. On Monday my servants came

and informed me that a large crowd of natives from the city, probably a thousand, came to my house on the preceding evening, inquiring for Mrs. Medland and myself, and threatening to cut us in pieces. Learning, however, that we were not there, they instituted a diligent search, but failing in their object, they set fire to the house and adjoining premises. The whole of our property was either burnt or stolen, and with the exception of a few articles of wearing apparel which have since been thrown back, we have nothing left save the clothes we have on. The mob next inquired for Joseph, my catechist. He, however, was at church, and accompanied me when I fled as far as he could keep pace with my horse. I then directed him to follow on as best he could, but, mistaking my directions, he proceeded by a circuitous route to my house in the city. He was recognised, beaten, and left for dead. However, he revived, ran away, hid himself, and a day or two after, having carefully disguised himself, returned to me. I have since learned that a mob approached the mission premises, but learning from the chowkedar that Mr. Lamb's house was empty, and he on the hills, they departed without doing any damage. I have not yet been able to venture into the city to ascertain if any of my property remains—it would probably be at the risk of my life to do so—but I gather from my servants that the dwelling-house, school-room, and a small bungalow used as a girls' school-room, have all been destroyed.'

Joseph, the catechist, referred to in this letter, shall now tell his own story, from which it will be seen that he has 'purchased to himself a good degree,' as the first confessor of Christ during that fiery trial. Writing to Mr. Medland he thus recounts the scenes through which he passed immediately after their separation:—

'Reverend Sir—It had been much better if I went with you, because as I was going through the Lal Kútu Bazaar, I saw that the Sepoys were firing at the Begum's bridge, therefore I turned to the left and ran away very fast. In the way I met with two villagers, who were coming from a certain village. They said, "Don't go to the city, but let us go to Abdullepur." I said, "No, I will go to the city." When I came to the little village which is near the Shapeer Darwázá (gate,) although I had disguised myself, yet people recognised me, and one of them said, "Oh! he is a Christian—kill him." I could not deny the Lord Jesus Christ, although it was the very moment of my death. I said, "I am a Christian, but don't beat me or kill me." One of them gave me a very severe blow with his láthee (a thick stick or kind of club). After this they ran towards me, and began to beat me. I don't know how many there were who beat me, and when they had perfectly killed me as they thought, they went away. When I received the last and severe blow, which I thought would be fatal, I fell upon my knees, and prayed, "O Lord Jesus Christ, receive my spirit—

I commit it into thy hands." For some time I remained half dead, and, after a little while, I heard a voice of a man, who said, "Throw the dead man away," but no person came to me. When I came to myself, I got up and ran away. They ran after me again, saying, "He is still living, kill him!" They could not catch me. I did not know what to do, nor where to go. At last I went to Deghee village. When I reached there, people recognised me (we had preached there a week or ten days previously) and ran after me, but I went out of their reach. After this I went to the jungle, and concealed myself under bushes, where I remained all night. Very early in the morning I got up, and came in the city, where I saw that the kathee (my house) and bungalow, were burnt to ashes. I said, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good: the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: his name be blessed."

'I did not find any of the servants there save Kullu Sing (a teacher in the school). He took me to his house, but his father did not like to let me stay there; therefore I sent for Mahesperhad (a schoolboy); as soon as he heard of me he came and took me to his house, and gave me every satisfaction. Please tell Mariann (his wife) that now I am better she should not be troubled, but rather pray.

'I remain, Sir,

'Yours most obediently,

'JOSEPH.'

'P. S.—Mahesperhad sends his salaam to you.'

Mr. Medland gives the following explanation of some of the references in this remarkable letter, and testifies to the character of its writer, who has been enabled to furnish such satisfactory evidence that he is a sincere and consistent Christian.

'Discovering that he was unable to keep pace with my horse, I directed him to follow as he best could in an opposite direction to the scene of disturbance. Mistaking my direction, I suppose, he shortly after endeavored to return to the city, and unfortunately met with the sad treatment he has himself described. His exclamation, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away," was made under very peculiar and trying circumstances. He then discovered for the first time, that the whole of his little property, amounting to between 400 and 500 rs., had been destroyed, and was in ignorance of the fate of his wife and father. The young man who sheltered him so nobly was a Brahmin youth of our first class. I had always considered Joseph as a promising young man, and a sincere and consistent Christian. This trial of his faith has greatly confirmed my opinion of him.'

What a firm hold had the gospel taken of this good man's heart when, in answer to the furious outcry, 'Oh! he is a Christian—kill him,' he replied, 'I am a Christian, but don't beat me or kill me.' And let his simple reason for thus avowing his discipleship be observed: 'I could not deny the Lord Jesus Christ, although it was the very moment of my

death.' Let these words be marked by the timid young convert, who, if she confesses Christ in the family, and desires to follow him, will have to take up the cross amidst foes in the house. Let them be heard by the young man in the warehouse and the counting-house, who must run the gauntlet under the heavy blows of ribald scoffers, but whose blows are lighter than those that Joseph received from the fists and clubs of his persecuters. And let them be heard by the youth at school, when he has to kneel down by the side of his little bed in the large dormitory, no longer at his mother's knee, to hear the titters and the jeers of young scoffers who have never been taught to pray, or have already trampled parental counsel beneath their feet.

Joseph teaches us all a lesson of Christian resignation when suddenly deprived of our worldly possessions. When he discovered that his house and bungalow, the whole of his property, were burnt to ashes, instead of murmuring at the providence which had left him penniless, he said, 'It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good.' With a pious submission, like that of the bereaved patriarch he adds, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. His name be blessed.' How does this Christian young man put to shame many among us professing his faith, who, when they have sustained some trifling loss, are altogether miserable and rebellious against the Divine hand that has swept away their treasure.

A few days after the catechist had given this

satisfactory proof of the power of christian principles to support in the hour of danger, another faithful servant of Christ had an opportunity of showing the sterling character of his faith. The Christian Sikh, Daoud, had been a few years previously ordained by the late Bishop of Calcutta, as the native pastor over a small congregation of native Christians, at Amritsar, in the Punjaub, where he was making full proof of his ministry. On the 14th and the 15th of May, the Europeans and native Christians in Amritsar were in a state of the greatest alarm. The Rev. A. Strawbridge thus describes their perilous condition :—

'At Amritsar there was only one native regiment, and that, for the present, remained peaceable and quiet. There were, however, guards placed at every house, and an application was forwarded to Sealkote for more European troops to man the fort at Govindghur. The city also remained apparently quiet—how long it might continue so, no one could say. The missionaries accordingly received intimation from the authorities to hold themselves and their families in readiness, at a moment's notice, to flee to the fort. The native newspapers at this time openly asserted, that within the short period of three days, British rule would cease in India.

On the night of the 14th, a report reached Amritsar that the three disarmed regiments at Lahore had rebelled, and threatened to march upon Ferozepur—their real destination was concluded to

be Amritsar. They were, however, overawed by the decisive conduct of the authorities. The artillery was brought out and prepared for action, and they were warned, that, if they attempted to leave their cantonment, they would immediately be fired upon. The civil authorities, sustaining the action of the military officers, hastened to raise the country, and all the Sikh Sirdars promised help.

'On the receipt of the intelligence that the disarmed regiments were threatening open rebellion, the European ladies in the civil lines were collected, to pass the night at the Mission House, so as to be in readiness to enter the fort, should occasion call for it, the military authorities having first cleared it of all native troops, and entrusted it to the safe keeping of European artillery. The next day the fort was victualled for a month, in case it should become a refuge.

'On the next night, tidings reached Amritsar of the sanguinary collision at Ferozepur, and as this was marked out as the fatal night, the ladies, at their own request, were introduced into the fort. The night, however, passed over peaceably.'

And now we see shining from the midst of this darkness, the vigorous faith of this native pastor. The people of the city had begun to persecute this little flock committed to the care of Daoud, and exulting over their perils, to assure them that their days were numbered. The faithful shepherd went to the fort to inform his friends of the dangers by

which he and his people were surrounded, when he was urged to move into the fort for safety. To this invitation he gave the memorable reply, that he would rather die in his house than flee. When urged to give his reason for exposing his life to destruction when offered the means of safety, he replied, that he preached daily in the city, and exhorted the people not to fear those that can kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do, but to fear Him that hath power to cast soul and body into hell. He added, that if he should now leave, his conduct would be opposed to his teaching, and consequently his preaching would be without effect. Our own missionaries add that they felt much strengthened by the words of this native pastor, who thus sent back to them a large reward for the care taken to instruct him in the faith of Christ. It was refreshing to their exhausted spirits in the time of threatening destruction, to hear from this Sikh pastor that the gospel he had learned, and was then teaching, had inspired him with a holy courage to face death in the horrid form in which it threatened to advance. Daoud was, however, mercifully shielded from the sufferings he was willing to endure in the service of his Master. He found that he that loseth his life for Christ's sake shall find it. Although, after the outbreak, the rebels in the city turned out and damaged every house, they spared all the residences of the missionaries, which they found to be defended by men from the neighboring villages, who had been

visited by the missionaries, and who came forward in this manner to show their respect and gratitude. Daoud has, it may be hoped, been spared for usefulness as a faithful under-shepherd, for many years before he shall be called to receive the crown of life from the chief Shepherd and Bishop of souls.

Six months later this good man received a special mercy at the Lord's hands, in the sound conversion of his aged father to the faith of the gospel. No greater happiness could be imparted than to see this aged man pass into the bond of the covenant. The letter in which this delightful intelligence is conveyed will be read with peculiar pleasure from the interest felt in the writer, as well as from the specimen it affords of the high-flown style in which the Oriental loves to indulge.

It runs thus:—

'Padre Fitzpatrick, Sahib, in the order of the priesthood, a teacher of the true knowledge, may God's grace rest upon you, etc.! Polite compliments and humble salutations, etc. Your humble servant Daoud begs to state that his family, by God's grace, are all quite well, except his aged father, who is very ill; indeed, it is not unlikely that God may by this illness call him away,* for he has opened his heart, and he has, in this his time of sickness, of his own free will, and with happiness, received baptism.

'This seems to be of God; for before his sickness

* The old man is since dead.

your servant sought to give him much instruction, through the medium of the Bengali language, and often said to him, "Father, you have heard that he who believeth and is baptised shall obtain salvation, and whosoever will not do so, upon him there is already condemnation. Now, father, if you wish salvation, become a Christian." But then he used to reply, "What remains to my becoming a Christian? I eat, and drink, and live with you, and I hear your words (instruction), and now I am no longer a Hindoo, nor can I become one again." From this your servant clearly perceived that his father did not yet understand the excellence and beauty of the gospel, nor had he any clear perception of the power of God's salvation; and therefore your servant began again, and instructed his father in St. Luke's Gospel, from the beginning to the end, and with this entreated God to draw him to his Son; and so it pleased God of his abundant grace to make him a member of his church. Glory be to God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, on earth and in heaven, to all eternity!

'And your humble servant is most grateful to you for having called him here from Hindustan, and that by coming he has thus been privileged to meet his father, and in this way he has obtained baptism; and now his hope is that his mother also will in like manner become a Christian.

'And now your humble servant respectfully urges that you have quite put him away, and remembered

his unworthiness, for you have not written to him for a long time; and he, like an unworthy thing, is not kept in mind; but this is far from kindness, for mercy triumphs over justice (in Scripture "rejoiceth against judgment"). Therefore, in mercy favor your servants, Daoud and Alice, with a letter stating how you are. Alice and Daoud (*i.e.* himself and wife) George, Mary, Hannah, and Sarah (children), send polite and humble salutations to the Mem Sahib and your honor, and Jesse also, your servant's aged father, sends his salaam to your honor, and the whole congregation offer their best wishes.'

The missionary adds:—

'Daoud's father and mother are a fine, intelligent, respectable, old couple. I trust his mother will at length repent and believe. She stayed some months with Daoud before I left, and used then to come to church; but Daoud was sorely troubled that she seemed so little awakened.'

Will not Christian friends in England help this faithful man with their prayers, that he may have the joy of seeing this aged widow added to the number of the disciples?

Amritsar was the scene of a noble avowal of Christianity on the part of two native converts soon after the outbreak of the mutiny, and during the troubles that ensued. The 35th Native Infantry being suspected of disloyalty was disarmed and sent to Amritsar, where it remained for some months under the guns of the fort. The armorer of that regiment,

whose name was Jhumah, and his wife Hera, were both disciples of Christ, the man having received the gospel four years previously, through the reading of the New Testament by his wife, who had first found the Scriptures able to make her wise unto salvation. His wife lost her parents when she was about twelve years of age, when she was sold for a trifle, by the woman who had taken charge of her after her parents' death, to a European gentleman, an officer either of the Queen's or East India Company's Service. In his home she remained twenty-seven years, at the expiration of which time he returned to England. Previously, however, to leaving India, he settled on Hera twenty rupees per month for her life. While residing with him she was taught to read Hindoo and Persian, though the Word of God was never, during this period, put into her hands. Before this, captain left India, and during one of his absences in the hills, Hera (who remained in his house at Agra) saw a man come to the compound, and ask a female servant for some water. The servant told him to come to the house, and she would give him some. He did so, and after drinking the water, he entered into conversation with Hera and her servant. After she had left, she observed that he had left behind him *a book*. She says the man was a book distributor, *i.e.*, probably, a colporteur. She put the book aside, and seeing him pass by another day, she had him called, and told him he had left one of his books at

her house. He said, "Never mind, let it remain." Still she expected he would call for it at some future time; but finding he did not, she put it away in her box with her clothes.

'When the captain returned from the hills, Hera showed him the book, and told him she understood it was one of our Christian books, and she should like to read it, but, as every native does, she first wanted her master's order to do so. He told her he would not forbid her doing so, but she must not ask him any more about it. She saw he did not wish her to read it, and therefore she did not. In her box the book remained for twelve years without her once opening it. One day, in going to the box, the book attracted her notice, and she thought she would take it out, and see what kind of a book it was. Her heart at this time, she says, was sorrowful. She read a little, and liked what she read. She continued to read till she had read it entirely through. This book was no other than the New Testament. This was nine years ago. She says that having read through the whole once, she began it again, but this time she read only a small portion, and thought over it for a long time, when a little light broke in upon her mind, and she began to pray that God would make her to understand what she read. In this way she went on reading and praying for three years and a half, when, to use her own expressive words, "her faith became strong and firm." Soon after this the regiment (the 35th Native Infantry) to which

her husband belongs, was ordered to Lucknow.— After the captain's departure for England, she was married to Jhumah, the armorer of the regiment. While in Lucknow she experienced a great deal of annoyance and persecution, as well from her husband as from others; but she told her husband that she would give up everything in the world if she were obliged, but she would never give up her book, or the reading of it.

'Finding she was not to be moved from her purpose, they desisted from their endeavors to persuade her, and she had peace from without as well as peace within. At length she gained more courage, and read her book in a voice so loud from behind the *punda* (the curtain separating a tent), that she could be heard by those who were on the other side. Thus, her husband, and other Sepoys who may have come to his tent, heard the word of God read. It fastened upon her husband's mind, and he told her he should like to hear more of that book. She then began to read to him of an evening, while he was eating his food; and here one cannot but feel and remark what a contrast she was to many Christians who have enjoyed the privileges of religion all their lives. She not only read to her husband, but she never omitted night and morning praying for him, that God would bless his word, and turn the heart of her husband to himself. She was also in the habit of talking to her husband of what they thus read together, and used to ask him if he did not believe that all that

was written in the book was true? He told her he would not yet say he believed. "Well, then," she replied, "when you do, tell me." She continued to pray for him, and at length God showed her that her prayer had been heard and answered. One day her husband came to her and said, "Now, I believe, my faith is being strengthened." It is now nearly four years ago that he thus professed his faith in Christ; and at that time the regiment was at Sealkote, in the Punjab, where it remained till May, 1857, when the disturbance in India commenced. It was then chosen to form part of the moveable column of the Punjab, but afterwards, its loyalty being suspected, it was disarmed and detached from the column, and eventually sent to Amritsar, where it remained for some months under the guns of the fort. It was during this time that Jhumah went to the colonel of the regiment and told him that he wished to become a Christian. The colonel asked him what made him entertain such a desire, and if the thought that he should benefit himself in worldly matters at all influenced him? He replied, "No; I wish it because I have learned that I am a sinner, and my only hope of salvation is in Jesus Christ." The colonel then gave him a note, and sent him to the missionary, who, after questioning him as to his wishes and motives, told him to come himself, and bring his wife also, for regular instruction. They went regularly once or twice a-week: the man daily went either to Mr. Strawbridge, at the city school, or to Daoud.

Hera went to the wife of the missionary. The first time she came she showed her New Testament, with the Old Testament also, which had since been given her. "These," she said, "were her treasures, her wealth, more and dearer to her than all her worldly goods." As a proof of her sincerity, it may be stated, that when the regiment was ordered to join the moveable column, she left behind her at Sealkote the best of her clothes, etc., taking with her only the clothes she had on and her Bible, or, to use her own words, "her wealth." All her property, clothes, jewels, and tools belonging to her husband, of the value of about 500 rupees, was subsequently lost in the mutiny at Sealkote, with the exception of one earring and a little curiously made scent bottle, in-laid with gold and silver, and which she afterwards begged me to accept as a remembrance.

'After some weeks, circumstances required that the regiment should be sent a few miles away from Amritsar, and its destination was quite uncertain. On this account the couple became very anxious to be speedily baptised, and one day Hera, with tears in her eyes, begged of Strawbridge to intercede for them that they might soon receive baptism. "Otherwise," she said, "they feared the regiment would be moved before they had come into their hands;" meaning before they had been admitted into the visible church as Christians, and that this would be a great grief to them. A few days before that which

had been fixed upon for their baptism, she went as usual to the mission house.'

When the wife of the missionary said to her, 'You are soon now to be baptised, and perhaps afterwards the men and women of your regiment will annoy and persecute you and ridicule you, and say you are gone mad by becoming a Christian; do you think you shall be able to bear their ridicule and annoyance? or will you be afraid of them, and be ashamed of being taunted with being a Christian?' she looked at her stedfastly for a few moments, and then said with great earnestness, 'Why should I be afraid of them, or why should I be ashamed? Should I be afraid of man, who can only kill the body? No, I would rather fear God, who can not only kill my body, but can afterwards cast my soul into hell! And of what should I be ashamed? Not of Jesus Christ, for is he not my only Saviour from sin and its punishment? No. I will never be ashamed of Christ.' On Friday, the 27th of November last, they were baptised by the names of Abraham and Sarah. Their behaviour was strikingly serious, and they made their responses with much earnestness of manner. Since then, they were very regular in their attendance at public worship, though as Sarah was able only to walk a very short distance, and their camp is fully two miles off, and the church is another mile further, every time she went to church she has to pay eight annas for a conveyance. They manifested a great desire to partake of the

Lord's Supper; and after some further instruction and examination they were admitted to that other Sacrament on the first Sunday in the new year. Sarah continued to come to visit the lady of the Missionary till the 12th of January, when we left Amritsar for Kangra. The last time this lady saw her, she said she wished to tell her something that was on her mind—that during the insurrection, and while an army was before Delhi, she constantly prayed that God would preserve the dominion of the English in this country, and that she then made a vow of an offering to God, should her prayers be heard; that as yet she had not been able to fulfil her word; but that she would do as soon as she had the ability, and she wished to know in what way she should devote her offering to God's service.

This brief but important narrative illustrates the power of the written word, even when not supplemented by the living voice, and is a new instance of the truth of the Divine promise: 'For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater: so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.' (Isa. lv, 10, 11.)

This humble woman was brought to the knowledge of Christ simply by the reading of the New

Testament, when she was a slave—the slave, to our shame be it spoken, of an English gentleman—who, it is to be feared, from the narrative, was morally unfitted to encourage her to read the sacred book, or learn the pure and holy morals it taught. Alas! how many missionaries of darkness have gone forth to India from England, who have done more to corrupt the minds of the heathen than our faithful Christian teachers have been able to do to enlighten and purify them. But look at this poor heathen, twelve years after her master, her owner, for she was his slave, had discouraged her reading the book, taking it out of the box in which it had lain neglected, and reading a little; and liking what she had read, then reading again, until she had read it entirely through. Having thus read the whole, she begins again, and reads a little at a time; and now, with ruminating thought, and with prayer; and being mixed with faith, the word profits her soul, and is incorporated with her spiritual being. This process of reading, and thinking, and praying, goes on for three years and a half, so was she gifted with perseverance, and now the truth shines in on her soul, and it is irradiated with the light of the gospel. Her desire was to do the will of the Lord. She wished to know truth that she might obey its directions, and the Spirit accompanied his own word and led her into all truth. Do not these facts show the importance of sending out the written word, even where the minister cannot accompany it, and do they

not encourage the hope of a return of goodly fruits in places where the foot of the missionary has not yet been permitted to tread?

And now we see her adding courage to her faith, and enduring the persecution that comes upon her for the truth's sake, when her husband and others would compel her to part with her sacred treasure. Not only will she retain the sacred volume, but she begins to read in the tent so loud that her words are heard from behind the curtain that separates her portion of the tent from the outer part, and where the words of salvation fall upon their ears. Can the knowledge of Christ exist apart from a desire to impart it to others? and where that desire exists, will it not lead to some ingenious efforts for its accomplishment? Will not the wife pray for her unbelieving husband, and seek to win him to the faith? God's word give seed for the sower as well as bread for the eater, and the seed took root now in the husband's heart and brought forth fruit. How wisely does she proceed in her endeavors to bring her husband to Christ. She obtains his permission at first to read to him a little at his meals, and she talks to him of the truths she has read, and then she tests his mind to see if it has received the truth. He has not yet believed, but she is full of hope, and of the gentle wisdom that cometh from above, and she simply says, 'When you do, tell me,' for she knows that the desired result will come. And come it does at last, when he exclaims, 'Now, I believe.' He has discovered his great

sinfulness which renders a Saviour necessary, and he has found the Saviour he needs. When he is providentially led within reach of those who can show him the way of the Lord more perfectly, he does not, because he is a Bible Christian, undervalue their teachings. He and his wife at length have the privilege of Christian ordinances, and desire to be baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus, and so profess their faith in him. And now we see that sterling faith which is more precious than gold tried in the fire. The time they select for openly professing their faith is not the time when the disciples have peace, and some degree of favor from men, but when persecution is raging against those who name the name of Christ. Had they so denied, they might have postponed the public profession of their faith 'until a more convenient season,' when that profession would entail no annoyance or persecution. They had read that, as with the heart they had believed unto righteousness, so with the mouth confession is made to salvation. Our many timid and fearful souls—'the fearful' who are classed by the Saviour himself with 'the unbelieving,' have to learn from these Indian converts the duty of confessing him before men. Let us cherish the memorable words of this noble woman:—'WHY SHOULD I BE AFRAID OF THEM, OR WHY SHOULD I BE ASHAMED? SHOULD I BE AFRAID OF MAN WHO CAN ONLY KILL THE BODY? NO, I WOULD RATHER FEAR GOD, WHO CAN NOT ONLY KILL MY

BODY, BUT CAN AFTERWARDS CAST MY SOUL INTO HELL! AND OF WHAT SHOULD I BE ASHAMED? NOT OF JESUS CHRIST, FOR IS HE NOT MY ONLY SAVIOUR FROM SIN AND ITS PUNISHMENT? NO. I WILL NEVER BE ASHAMED OF CHRIST.'

# CHAPTER V.

CAWNPORE AND FUTTEHGURH.—THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY.—MARTYRS OF FUTTEHGURH.—REMARKABLE LETTER FROM A LADY WRITTEN IN PROSPECT OF MARTYRDOM.—NEW PLANTS.

FUTTEHGURH, a military settlement on the Ganges, about 184 miles south-east of Delhi, was at the time of the outbreak one of the most interesting and promising scenes of missionary labor in India. The American Presbyterian missionaries were pursuing their labors with much zeal, guided by wisdom. They were surrounded by a congregation of native Christians, including fifty-nine communicants. They had an orphan asylum, in which the children were taught weaving and tent-making, and around this centre they had formed a Christian village and schools of nearly five hundred scholars of all grades.

The Rev. Joseph Mullens of Calcutta visited this interesting scene in the spring of 1857, accompanied by the Rev. A. F. Lacroix, when he says, 'I received

a most hearty welcome from the brethren. During our brief stay, they showed us every department of their most useful mission. We saw their plain substantial dwelling-houses; the large boarding-schools for boys and girls; the long lines of houses in the neat Christian village; the extensive weaving establishment; the tent factory; the handsome church; the English and native schools; and the native chapels, close by the city gates.

But how has the pleasing scene dissolved to make way for one full of gloom and sadness. Nineteen of the native Christians were killed for refusing to turn Mussulmans and join the enemy, and a large number were murdered in the churches for the same cause. This sad reverse is depicted by the same graphic pen. 'They are all gone now—plundered, broken, and burnt. Sir Colin Campbell, in January last, planted his camp upon the mission premises, and found those pleasant homes where prayer had been offered, wise counsels followed, and plans adopted for the conversion of the heathen, with their blackened walls fit only to be the stables of the English Lancers!'

We have now to give the narrative of their sufferings and death. There was cantoned at the station the 10th Native Infantry, but no European soldiers. The anxiety, therefore, was, from the very first, considerable, especially as it was known that the 10th was mutinously disposed. But the minds of the brethren were kept calm and confiding in Him

who is a refuge in the time of trouble. Their love and faith in the merits of an Almighty Saviour failed not. Their lives were in his hands, and they were glad to leave them there. The safety of their native brethren, and of the ark of God in the land, gave them as many anxious thoughts as their own. 'What is to become of us and the Lord's work in this land,' writes Mr. M'Mullen, 'we cannot tell; but he reigneth, and in him we will rejoice.' Again, 'We cannot but be anxious, both for ourselves, the native brethren here, and God's work in this land.' 'Although we may be called upon to part with life for Christ and his cause,' writes Mrs. Johnson, 'may we not glorify God more by our deaths than by our lives? Each day we look upon as our last upon earth; but oh, how delightful are our seasons of prayer together, imploring the care and protection of God, who alone can save us!' 'We have no place to flee for shelter,' writes Mrs. Freeman, 'but under the covert of his wings; and there we are safe. Not but that he may suffer our bodies to be slain; and if he does, we know he has wise reasons for it. I sometimes think our deaths would do more good then we would do in all our lives. If so, his will be done. Should I be called to lay down my life, do not grieve that I came here, for most joyfully will I die for Him who laid down his life for me.'

On June the 3rd, information was received that the troops really had mutinied, and that a body of Oude mutineers, consisting of an infantry and

cavalry corps were marching into Futtehgurh. That night a consultation was held, and it was considered absolutely necessary to send off the ladies and children to Cawnpore; and as boats had been secured, it was settled that a start should be made at once. The missionaries, with their wives and children, were of the party. The day after their departure they were fired at by the villagers, but one only of the party was wounded. The next day they had not gone far when a report reached them that Oude troops were crossing at one of the ghats, a few miles below. The boats were anchored for a while, and the party being large, it was thought better they should divide, a Hindoo chief, Hurdeo Baksh, having offered protection to some. About forty Europeans availed themselves of this offer, the rest of the party, with whom were the missionaries to the number of 126 souls, dropping down the river to Cawnpore, not being aware of the outbreak in that quarter.

To quote again the beautiful and affecting narrative of their brother missionary:—'From the commencement of the outbreak our brethren at Futtehgurh were placed in circumstances of peculiar danger. They had rebellion around them on every side, and it seemed impossible for them to find a place of safety. But they were not forgotten by their Master. Perplexed, they were not in despair; cast down, they were not forsaken. In their peril they turned pre-eminently to Him who is the strength and refuge of his children; and the beautiful letters written by

Mrs. Freeman to her sister before the communications were closed show with what wondrous peace the Lord had filled their hearts. At length, with a large number of residents from Futtehgurh, our four brethren—I will mention their names — Messrs. Freeman and Campbell, Johnson and M'Mullen, with their excellent wives and two children, ten in all, embarked in boats to descend the Ganges towards Cawnpore. Unknowingly, they quitted one scene of danger only to fall more directly into the tiger's jaws. Terror by night, the arrow by day, were their constant portion. They were plundered, hunted, pursued, fired upon, but ran the gauntlet as they best could, and at last arrived at Bithoor, the residence of Nana Sahib. Here their boat was wrecked on an island, and they were compelled to land. Soon the troopers arrived from Cawnpore; but before they obeyed their summons to cross from the island to the river bank they knelt down, and Mr. Campbell, in the most affecting terms, commended them to God in prayer. They were landed, all seized as prisoners, were stripped to the waist; the gentlemen were tied together in a ring, the ladies placed in the middle, and the whole marched away to Cawnpore, situated, I think, at a distance of seven miles. The same day they were led out on the plain of Cawnpore, close to the mission-house, and were all ruthlessly shot. Their death was agonising, but not long delayed. Peace be to their unburied ashes! May their precious

names never be forgotten! May the turf ever be green on the spot stained with their honored blood! May the pearly dew and the refreshing rain fall gently upon the sod; and, while the winds of heaven breathe over it soft and low, may a voice ever rise like incense before the throne of mercy, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"'

This pathetic lament has already drawn forth the tears of the audience in whose presence it was uttered, and the prayer for the murderers has a hearty response from Christian and forgiving hearts; and there will be few among our Christian readers who will not honor the memory of these Christian martyrs, and repeat the prayer that their murderers may yet repent for the blood they have shed.

These American brethren, and their wives, their worthy fellow-laborers in the work of evangelising the heathen, were enabled to display that martyr faith without which they would have been unworthy of their sacred mission. In the midst of their alarming fears they were rejoicing in the Lord, and expressed their readiness joyfully to lay down their lives for Him who died for them. Each of them had the same holy confidence and fortitude as the apostle Paul, when in bonds and surrounded by deadly foes; he was full of earnest expectation and hope that in nothing he should be ashamed, but that with all boldness, as always, so then also Christ should be

magnified in his body, whether by life or by death. For to him 'to live was Christ and to die was gain.' * The wonted fires of the ancient faith have not been permitted to expire when a gentle and delicate woman can say, 'He may suffer our bodies to be slain, and if he does we know that he has wise reasons for it. I sometimes think our death would do more good than we do in all our lives. If so, his will be done. Should I be called to lay down my life, do not grieve that I came here, for most joyfully will I lay down my life for Him who laid down his life for me.'

These souls 'were slain for the word of God and for the testimony which they held,' and our faith can see them clothed with the white robes given unto every one of them. The martyrs' crowns are not yet all bestowed. There are faithful men and women who shall be found worthy to receive the prize.

Among the victims who were sacrificed by the treachery of Nana Sahib at Bithoor and Cawnpore, was a family consisting of a gentleman who was a lieutenant in the Bengal Engineers, his pious lady, and their child. About a fortnight before their massacre this Christian lady wrote to her relatives in England a full record of the dreadful circumstances in which they were placed, when, anticipating from their infuriated enemies the horrible death that awaited them. Their letters were originally

* Phil. i, 20, 21.

printed for private circulation, and those who have been permitted to see them, while feeling the deepest sorrow, have, at the same time, felt the utmost gratitude in the perusal of these satisfactory proofs that the Lord was present with his servants when about to fall under the weapons of their sanguinary foes. They are, indeed, calculated to fulfil the purpose for which they were first issued, to 'soothe and comfort many hearts lacerated by the sore bereavements of this time of trial, or trembling under intense anxiety,' and to 'be a lamp to guide many into the way of peace.'

Although they were at first intended to meet the eyes of relatives and friends, they have been so highly prized, for the evidence they furnish of the power of the divine grace to make the heart triumphant over the fear of death in its most horrid forms, that they ought no longer to be withheld from the public. In deference to the feelings of the afflicted relatives of the writer, her name is withheld, and it is hoped that they will feel some satisfaction in knowing that many will now receive instruction and comfort from the words in which she, 'being dead, yet speaketh,' and testifies to the power of a living faith in a living Saviour.

The first of these letters is dated—

'*Futtehgurh, May* 16, 1857.

'My own dearest Papa,—You will all I fear, be in a state of great alarm about us, as you must

have seen from the papers what a sad feeling is rising in this part of the country among our native troops, and the fearful position we are placed in, not knowing how to act, or what to do, and greatly fearing a general insurrection.

'The Meerut dâk (post) was stopped for four days; and the natives have been assassinating all the English they could get hold of, women and children not being spared.

'We hear that Mrs. C. has left Mynpoory in fear, and gone to Agra, and that the W.'s have come here, though I fear we are not a bit better off, as there are no English troops here either.

'People are in a state of great alarm; and we are perfectly helpless should the natives rise here. I suppose all the ladies would have to go to the fort; but our house is a very long way from it. John has been loading his gun and rifle, as it is not safe to be without them loaded—one's life is not certain for a day. He was going down his road on Monday, but thinks now it will be his duty to stay here, in case of an outbreak, for all hands would be wanted.

'I think John feels much the state of things, and thinks our Government are to be blamed for giving the natives secular education without religious, which only arms them with power which may be turned against us. But I trust God will pardon us, and not pour his fury upon us for all our forgetfulness of him. Last year he sent us the pestilence;

now we are trembling lest his sword should be drawn out; but I trust we may be stirred up to call upon God, and be reminded wherein our great strength lies.

'We have been searching out the beautiful Scripture passages in which God has promised deliverance from our enemies, and wisdom to know how to act in cases of danger. How doubly precious are such passages, and with what force do they come at the time of need! None ever called upon the Lord in trouble but they were delivered, so I trust we may turn unto him with deep contrition, and beseech him to glorify his great name, and show his power among the heathen.

'We cannot say, "Pray for us." Ere you get this we shall be delivered one way or another. Should we be cut to pieces, you have, my precious parents, the knowledge that we go to be with Jesus, and can picture us happier and holier than in this distant land; therefore why should you grieve for us? You know not what may befall us here; but there you know all is joy and peace, and we shall not be lost, but gone before you; and should our lives be spared, I trust we may live more as the children of the Most High, and think less about hedging ourselves in with comforts which may vanish in a moment. Truly, "this is not your rest," is more written on everything in India than elsewhere; but, comforting thought! in heaven we have an enduring substance, and the more in God's

providence we are led to feel this, the happier we shall be, even below.

'Do not be over-anxious about us dear relatives and friends. In India we have the same Ruler, the same merciful Keeper in the Almighty, and you have implored him to be gracious to us, though you knew not our danger.

'We are quite well, I am thankful to say, but much sickness is about, and this year also promises to be an unhealthy one. I hope you will get this letter. How is it we have heard from no one this mail? I trust no news is good news.

'Mary is quite well again, and cutting her last tooth. We have now really got the hot weather; it has set in late.

'Good-bye, my own dear parents, sisters, and friends. The Lord reigns! He sitteth above the water-flood! We are in the hollow of his hand, and nothing can harm us. The body may become a prey, but the souls that he has redeemed never can.

'With much love,

'Your own devoted child,

'ROSE M.'

---

'*Futtehgurh, May 21st*, 1857.

'MY OWN BELOVED FAMILY—It may be interesting to you to receive a full account of our state of mind during this alarming time, so I will commence

giving you particulars, and hope it may not only arouse your interest and sympathy, but also your thankfulness to Almighty God for giving us strength according to our day, and supporting us under such heavy tidings. We certainly have been on the verge of an awful precipice, from which it would have appeared there could be no escape; and, thinking of the few European troops in India in the case of a general insurrection, we could not have stood. Last week we heard there was a bad feeling amongst the troops at Meerut, on account of the cartridges.

'On Saturday Dr. Maltby came to lance Mary's gums, and asked if we had heard of the dreadful massacre at Meerut. Upon our replying, "No," he read us an account of the murders there. The news shocked us much; and poor John felt that he could not attend to road-work. He received a letter from Major W. about the roads, but commencing, "If reports are true, we shall have to fight, instead of attending to road-work." We could not eat much breakfast, and went to our room, as is our custom, to read and pray together. John read an appropriate chapter; we then searched for others, and very many comforting ones we found, and then in prayer committed our lives to God. In the middle of the day we received a letter from Colonel S. (commanding the station troops), saying, if anything serious, or likely to be serious, occurred, a gun would be fired, so that we might fly to the Colonel's Pucca-

house, and that we were to hold ourselves in readiness to fly any hour of the day or night that we might hear it.

'John then loaded his gun and rifle, and as we knew we could not well hear the gun out here, we thought, if there was any likelihood of danger, we had better go at once into the station, for we knew the L.'s would take us in. We first determined to go over to the missionaries, and see what they thought of doing, as we should not like to leave them all alone, especially as they had no arms. We found they had invited the other two American missionaries to come up and stay with them, as they lived in a solitary road leading into the city. We determined all should come and live in our Pucca-house (as there is danger in a bungalow being set on fire), or go into the station. Accordingly, all went into the station to gather what news we could, and then agreed to return and consult together where we should go for the night. The panic was very great; carriages and buggies crowding to the S.'s, and P.'s, the natives, seemingly, all on the alert. Guns were entering the Colonel's compound, and the whole place seemed in a commotion. The report was, that the insurgents, who had murdered nearly every one in Delhi, and got possession of it, were on their way to Futtehgurh; and we knew that it would be scarcely probable, in case of so large a body coming on us suddenly, that our troops would stand, and should they join the insurgents, escape would be

impossible, we having no European troops here. After returning to the missionaries' house, and having prayed and read together (a little company of ten), we determined to go into the station. John and I went home, took Mary out of bed, got into the double-seated buggy with the Ayah—this was nine o'clock in the evening, and the picquet stationed in one of the roads would not at first allow us to pass. We went to the L.'s, who had just gone into their bed-room; they received us most kindly. We told them two missionaries and their wives were coming to them for protection, and would occupy their spare rooms, but we would be very happy if they would allow us to sleep on the floor in Mr. L.'s dressing-room, which we did, John sleeping with his revolver by his side. We made a bed on two chairs for Mary. In the morning (Sunday) we heard several bad reports; one, that another gaol was broken open—that the Meerut one was, is true—and many confined therein were murderers. We went to church; very few people were there, and fear seemed written on every face—it was most noticeable — everybody felt that death was staring them in the face, and every countenance was pale. Our church service and the lessons seemed quite suited to our circumstances, and I am sure all who were in God's house must have felt comfort in pouring out their hearts together.

'Mr. Fisher preached on the text, "What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee." After church, we

breakfasted; then all the gentlemen at the station met at the magistrate's bungalow to determine what step to take on the approach of the enemy. It was agreed, and notices sent round to the effect, that upon the gun firing twice, every one should rush to the Fort, which would be victualled beforehand in case of anything occurring. There was no evening service, as it was thought dangerous for us to leave our bungalow; but the missionaries staying with us read and prayed with us, and the remainder of the time we sang hymns.

'Sunday evening we got news that the insurgents were all in Delhi—that they had got possession of the fort, and did not intend leaving it. This news relieved everybody; for my own part, I suppose I felt the reaction, for I felt more sad than I had done before. I felt that I had been so living in the unseen world, and that now I was brought back to earth again. However, our repose was not to last long.

'*Monday, May* 18.—We got news from Shahjehanpore, that some bungalows had been burned, and it was thought perhaps the regiment there might have mutinied; so it was agreed that four of the gentlemen (including John) should go over, armed, to a place called Allygurh, to try and raise troops in the district, and, if necessary, to check the progress of the insurgents.

'*May* 19.—At three o'clock in the morning, the party started, and I went into Mrs. L.'s room to

console her, for there was no knowing if our husbands' lives might or might not be spared. Mrs. P. had asked us to come and stay with them while John and Mr. L. were away, so we went there.

'*May* 20.—We heard that it was all pretty quiet at Shahjehanpore, and that staying out might only excite suspicion; so they were relieved from their hot situation (being in a tent), and ordered to return, which they did that evening.

'*Thursday, May* 21.—Hearing that the insurgents still held Delhi in their hands, and would not be likely to leave it to come to us, John and I returned to our house.

'*May* 22.—Could not settle to anything. John received very few public letters, and felt disinclined to attend to roads, etc., and I also felt unsettled. In the evening, went into the station to hear if any news had been received. Walked in the Park with Mr. E., who told us that the Agra and Mynpoory dâk was not in. On our way home, called at Mr. P.'s (magistrate); found most of the gentlemen at the station there, and noticed sad news written on their countenances. I went in to the ladies, and John stayed outside with the gentlemen. I had to send and hurry John, as there is a guard of Sepoys on the road leading out of the station, to prevent any one coming in at night, and I was afraid we should not be able to get home to our little one. John told me in the buggy that Mr. P. thought all was up with us, as he had news that the 9th, of Allygurh, of whom

every one thought so well, had mutinied, and were marching down upon us. If you look at the map, you will see how near we are to that place. Things looked black, and every one thought so, and we were ordered not to stir out of our bungalows that night, unless a gun fired, when we were all to rush to the station. After looking at the map, we began to consider whether escape out of the station would be advisable, as it seemed impossible that we could reach the fort or the Colonel's in safety; but we thought we could not be sure of any place, and that it would be worse to be murdered on the roads, and one, perhaps, left solitary. Went into our room, and committed ourselves to the Almighty.

'*Saturday, May 23.*—Early in the morning, we met, as we were desired, at Mr. P.'s. The Colonel returned from haranguing the troops, who still faithfully promised to stand by us; he said nothing further could be done; that if we should hear for certain that the enemy was coming on us, in Futtehgurh, then something should be done.

'We can now only throw ourselves on Providence, and beseech him in his mercy to stay the enemy for the glory of his great name; for "wherefore should the heathen say, Where is now their God?" We have nothing to put our trust in but the Lord, and he will not fail us. Our extremity may be his opportunity. We are quite prepared for the worst, and feel that to depart and be with Christ, is far better. The flesh a little revolts from cold-blooded

assassination, but God can make it bear up. I can easily fancy how David preferred to fall into the hand of God to that of man.

'There are a good many bad men in the city ready at any time to rise, and from them our lives and property are not safe. After breakfast, we read and prayed as usual, took a nap, repeated all the comforting texts we could think of, and have since been singing hymns.

'We feel that in the position in which we are placed, with our lives in our hand (though, happy thought! they are in God's hand too), and death pursuing us, this is all we can do, and the only way of keeping our minds quiet. Truly have we found that promise fulfilled to us—"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." Much comfort have we in religion; without it, especially at such a time as this, we should be miserable. At three o'clock that afternoon, we went over to the missionaries, found that the two from the city had again fled to the others, and agreed to sleep in the same bungalow, that if anything occurred, they might die together, or escape together. They wanted us to stay with them, but we thought that the insurgents could not be down upon us so soon from Allygurh. We agreed that if the gun fired it would be useless attempting to escape to the Colonel's, so we thought of slipping away out of the station in our direction, and going, perhaps, to Chibramhow, to the Moonsif there, who knew Mr. M., and professes

to have much interest in John, and asking him to hide us. The missionaries thought of borrowing the native women's chuddahs, or sheet they throw over their heads, and escaping with the native Christians to some zemindar in a near village, who said he would protect him if necessary.

'*June* 1.—A week has passed since writing the above, and one of great suspense; several bad rumors and reports have been afloat, but we have not given much heed to them, not wishing to have our minds disturbed; every evening we have had tea with the missionaries, and spent the evening in prayer, praise, and reading the Scriptures. I was in hopes before the mail went, to be able to tell you something about the battle at Delhi, on which so much depends; there was a report that it had been retaken, but I believe it is not true; we are greatly in fear, now, that the insurgents should escape from Delhi before we attack them.

'The Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. C., has shown much wisdom and energy in these trying times, when every one should do their best to put a stop as quickly as possible to such a rising. We can only hope it is not general, and that troops from England will be sent us, and that we shall never again be left to the mercy of native troops. Though everything seems quiet here, yet we have had the insurgents very close, and Futtehgurh is a large city, should the bad people in it be inclined to rise, setting apart the Sepoys: and we have no European regiment here,

and the gentry are not, as in other places, making preparations in case of danger, for fear of exciting suspicion and mutiny. But every one seems to think, in case of danger, we should not be safe in the fort, and could not defend it. Each family seem to have planned their own way of escape, in case they have to flee for their lives. Some families have taken boats between them, and intend escaping down the river; but we think the only thing would be to hide ourselves in some native hut, or somewhere, until the insurgents have done all the harm they wish in the station; for, although places below are quiet, yet they are in the same uncertainty and suspense as ourselves, and there is no saying how long they will keep so. The dâk up country is not open, so we do not know how our dear friends are, or how Henry and Charlotte are. We trust the Punjaub is quiet: it was, but there is no saying how the contagion may have spread. For a few days last week we had some delightful rain, and people began to think the rains were beginning very early, but it all passed off, and we are having it very hot, so that, what with the heat and constant fear, we cannot sleep much at night. The rain seems to have been providentially sent to expedite the marching of our troops. Why they have not arrived at Delhi, and commenced and finished their attack, we cannot think, and are sadly afraid that the enemy will slip through their fingers; but we cannot get tidings of them yet.

'How we shall value peace and security, if we can ever feel them again! Some gentlemen say India will never feel secure again; but I trust we may, though I fear our lives will for some time be in danger. All the bad people in the country seem ready to rise, and only waiting for an excuse, and many murderers have been let loose amongst us by the opening of the gaol. Mr. Power is defending Mynpoory nobly, and John's sergeant there is going about trying to keep down the robbers.

'How little do our dear ones in England know what is befalling us here! but they have told us they always pray for us; and the same Heavenly Father is watching over us both. The Lord is our refuge and strength, a very *present* help in time of trouble, so we will not fear, and do not *you* fear, dear ones. You may indeed pity those who have no God to go to, and no hope beyond this world; but we have made the Most High our defence, and know that we shall not be greatly moved. He will not suffer the heathen to prevail, though he may appear to do so; but his kingdom shall come, and though we may be removed, he can raise up others, and what does death, or rather what does death not do for God's children? they go to their reconciled Father in Christ Jesus—to a land of purity, happiness, and holiness.

'We have not heard of our cousins C. W. and C. R.; the officers in their regiment do not appear to have escaped, but we sincerely trust they have, as

they intended going to the Dhoons for last month's shooting, and were not to return till the 29th.

'I suppose every bungalow at Delhi, Meerut, and Etah, is burnt down. I am thankful to say we are all well. Dear Mary, as I told you before, has been dangerously ill; but she is, I am thankful to say, quite well now. I am feeling better just now than I generally do in my state. God's hands are indeed underneath us, supporting our bodies and comforting our souls. I fear I could not do much in the flying way now—but as my day, so shall my strength be; and I do not fear anything that may come upon us, so that quietness and assurance under a Father's protection and smiles may ever be given us. We try not to let those around us see that we do not feel safe; we drive out to give confidence to the people, and I always try to wear a smiling face, though one sees strange faces, and knots of armed men about.

'I hope, my precious family, you will not alarm yourselves about us; we are in God's hands, and feel very happy, *indeed we do.* I leave the newspapers to tell you all particular horrors, but I would always cheer you by my letters. It has not been my habit to write our troubles home—and may be you think that John and I have had none—for why should we distress you with them? We know we have your love and sympathy; but that, before your letters reach us, we may have had deliverance from every fear and trouble—and we have One on whom we cast all our care, and from whom we

receive immediate consolation, and, in his own time, relief. He has delivered us from troubles past, and will also in present and future difficulties; so, dear parents, brothers, and sisters, leave us in God's hands, fearing no evil—all is well, and all will be well with us; living or dying we are the Lord's—let this be your happy assurance: you will either have your children, your brother, and sister, living on earth to praise God for his deliverance, or dwelling in heaven, to praise him for all the richness of his grace.

'I often wish our dear Mary was now in England; but God can take care of her too; or he will save her from troubles to come, by removing her to himself. God bless you, my dear relatives and friends, and may we all meet above!

'I am so thankful that I came out to India to be a comfort to my beloved John, and a companion to one who has so given his heart to the Lord.

'And circumstances and positions in which we have been placed, during our sojourn in India, have made the promises of God's word so sweet, and the consolations of religion so unspeakably great, besides endearing us to one another in a degree and way which a quiet English home might not have done. We shall have been married three years on the 29th of this month. Think of us on that day. With much love from us both,

'Believe me, your ever affectionate one,

'ROSE C. M.'

We have to add an extract from a letter dated 21st May, to a lady at Chunar, who had written to beg Mr. and Mrs. M. to join her at the Fort, as being a safer place:—

'I think and trust you will be safe in such a good fort as Chunar. Thank you for wishing us to fly to it; but duty would oblige my husband to remain where he is, and we only hope he will be useful—for every military man should hold himself ready to serve his country's cause, if called upon; and I would not think of leaving him, as I should be miserable away from him, and would rather die with him than escape, and not know how he is faring.

'We must ever remember that the Lord, who ruleth the raging of the people, is our only fort and place of security. It may be of his wisdom ordained that our bodies perish; if so, we would give them up willingly—for our souls no one can destroy, and they would only be ushered into everlasting glory.

'John and I feel quite composed, for we know that a hair of our heads cannot fall to the ground without his knowledge; we are in his hands for life or death, and only seek that his great name may be glorified.'

Well may an eloquent and pious writer, in his comments on these affecting records, say, 'We have conveyed but a very imperfect idea of the profound faith, the great composure, the thoughtful tenderness, and the pure love, which look out from every line. We have no idea who the writer was, but this we

know, that she has added one more to the long martyr-roll of Christian women, whose calm and saint like faces have blanched no jot, nor quivered in one nerve, at the sight of torture and the sword, and whose deaths remain a glory and a possession for the whole church.'

The storm that has passed over Futtehgurh was to have swept away every plant that had grown up under the culture of the Christian husbandman, whether English or American; but no sooner is its fury expended than it appears as if sent to soften the hard soil, and prepare it for a new growth of Christian life. How cheering are the hopes of the faithful Gopenath Nundy, expressed in reference to the scene of his own labors, but applicable to every part of India:—'This heavy chastisement, which our heavenly Father sent upon his own people, is doubtless to humble us to the dust, to convince us of our weakness, and to make it a means to draw us nearer to himself. But something more than these he has in view; that is, that his blessed gospel may not only be freely preached, but believed by the inhabitants of this land. All those rajahs, nawabs, pundits, and moulwís, who were bitter enemies to Christianity, and who, hitherto, stood as a great barrier to the propagation of his true religion, will no more be obstacles in the way: most of them had joined this mutiny, and now they are daily paying the penalty of their wickedness, and we have every hope and belief that the gospel will have a free course through-

out the length and breadth of this dark and benighted land: then the declaration of the Scripture will be fulfilled, that, at "the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."'

What an encouraging indication have we of the vital power of the divine word, and what a type of its future triumphs, in the fact that the storm had scarcely passed over Futtehgurh, when a high-caste Brahmin came forward to profess his submission to the Lord Jesus Christ. The fact is thus related:—

'A pundit, who had originally instructed the missionaries of this station in Hindustaní, a very high-caste Brahmin and learned man, who had read the Scriptures before the outbreak, presented himself to these two gentlemen, soon after their arrival the other day, and asked to be baptised, as he was prepared to become a Christian.

'Of course, as they did not know the pundit, to be able to judge of the sincerity of his desire for baptism, they postponed meeting his request. The singular part is, that this man, urging his wish, said that he did not wish his conversion to be a secret; on the contrary, he desired his baptism might take place in the most public manner, before all the people, when assembled at a fair held close to Futtehgurh.

'The missionaries referred to the probable danger,

but the pundit declared otherwise. No result has come of this yet, I believe; but the missionaries were struck, as I was, with this man's readiness to acknowledge his conversion in a public manner. Of course this is a solitary instance, at a time of unusual excitement, perhaps, on this very point, and therefore should be considered as a singular case by itself. His study of the Scriptures during the outbreak, when any communication with teachers was impossible; and his heart being softened at such a moment to receive the truths of the gospel, when anarchy and the reign of all bad passions were triumphant around him—these are very singular instances of the work of the Spirit. Who can tell whether, out of all this frightful toil, some great good will not flow? It is not for us to judge, but we may hope, and ought to pray, for the extension of the knowledge of the truth, the only thing that will ever work any great good to the millions of this continent, the only means of any heart-union between Europeans and natives of India. Commerce and civilization (except as they lead to open the way for the truth), what can they do towards purifying the heart, and overcoming its inherent evil? This, I believe, has been the mistake of our connexion heretofore with this country—a vain endeavor by the material improvement of this people to raise them in the scale of civilization and virtue.

'I was much touched and gratified by the scene of this morning; and I cannot but believe that it

is the centre upon which balances all our future success in this country. God's hand has been too manifestly extended over us, and we have been kept by him through too many difficulties, for us to doubt that we have some great work to perform for him—that we are to be instrumental, I mean, in working out his will in some great work. And what greater can there be than in making known his love for his creatures, and his mercy to them in Christ Jesus?'

# CHAPTER VI.

GORRUCKPUR. — 'INDIAN BLOSSOMS.' — FORTITUDE OF NATIVE CHRISTIANS. — WAVERERS. — THE SHEEP SCATTERED AND RECOVERED.

THE town of Gorruckpur has for more than thirty years been the scene of successful missionary labors. In 1831 Lord William Bentinck encouraged the mission that had been commenced seven years previously, by granting a large tract of unreclaimed forest land, on which a settlement of native Christians was formed, and a village church and schools were erected. This interesting spot, over which elephants had roamed, and tigers formed their lairs, was one of the many cheering results of the labors of our devoted missionaries, presenting a literal fulfilment of the prophecy, 'The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.'* One of the early missionaries at this important station, who has since died in the Indian mission field, the Rev. Michael

* Isaiah xxxv. 1.

Wilkinson, in his 'Indian Blossoms,' published in 1844, furnished some specimens of the fair flowers that had grown in this garden of the Lord. It may now be gratifying to select from among them two or three examples of the piety of the native Christians in Gorruckpur. The following letters were addressed to their beloved pastor when he was about to leave them on his return to England in ill-health:—

'My heart is very sorrowful to think you are obliged to go to England. Before you came we were in the darkness of Heathenism; you brought us the true light; you brought Jesus Christ to us; God sent you, and you came; we heard and believed; we gave up our gods, which are no gods —we thought them to be gods, but found them dumb, deaf, and without life and power; you told us of Jesus, the "*image of the invisible* God." Jesus Christ lived, and walked, and talked: he talked in the language of *men;* but his words were the words of God. You taught us to read the Scriptures—the true Scriptures—the words of God in the New Testament, (oh, I love the New Testament!) that tells most of Jesus Christ, it tells us how "God so loved the world, that he spared not his only-begotten Son," and that "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." We have heard it from you, and have read it ourselves, and believed that Jesus Christ is the only Saviour of sinners—my heart is sure of salvation now—I know that God's dear Son can save me—I feel I have got another heart—I

feel in my heart much love to Christ, who so loved me. I used to worship idols, but I never loved them: no idol ever came into my heart; but Jesus Christ came into my heart, and he lives there; for this I am glad, because now you are going away. I am very much sorry you are going, but Jesus Christ is not going, *he* will not leave us; you are my *father*, but Jesus Christ is my *Saviour*. Farewell! I pray Jesus Christ may go with you, and stay with us. Jesus Christ can keep you, make you well, and bring you back to India. We will all pray for you; do not be unhappy about us, we will be as good as we can till you return, but we shall not be so good without you; you every day tell us the right way, and that keeps us in the way. I have written a great deal: I must write one thing more. When you arrive in England, tell, O, tell Christians in England, what a place of the devil India is, how the devil lives in people here, how Jesus Christ drove the devil out of us, and that we are now his servants and happy. If I were going with you, I would tell such a tale of woe as would make many good Christians fly to India to preach Jesus Christ to my poor brethren. English Christians are very good to send us salvation, to send such a Saviour. But I want them to send more missionaries to preach salvation. It is not very much to send ten or five, tell them they must send all at once, *two hundred*, then all the work *will* be done at once. If so many had come with you, now two hundred times as many more would be

Christians. *Is this no fault?* Gracious father, send as many missionaries as you can before you return, and bring more with you.'

Alas! that we should not have given a more liberal response to this call for help. Here is another call from a native preacher in Gorruckpur:—

'To the Christian Church in England, this Christian letter is written; the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, grant you help and wisdom, grace and peace. The name of God our Father, and of our Saviour Jesus Christ is supplicated in every house. May this same God our Father, and Jesus Christ our Saviour, ever give you all the gifts and graces of the Holy Spirit! I ever give thanks to my God that the grace of God for this reason has been given you, that you being in Christ Jesus, called and faithful, might send the same grace into all the world. God the holy, just, and good, has called you, and in all spiritual things so abounded towards you, that his glory, and the glory of his Son Jesus Christ, may be everywhere seen, known, and adored. O, my brethren, I beseech you all, for Christ's sake, to leave your land of light, and come to this land of darkness. Come to India! our Lord and Saviour commands you. Is it not written that the stray sheep of Israel shall return, and that the kingdom of heaven is near? We are wanderers from God; we are perishing in our sins; we are hastening to judgment. O, come; come over and help us. It is written, "Freely ye have received, freely give."

The whole of India, all my poor Hindoo brethren, are sick and dying for want of the elixir of life. Of this I have drunk, and still continue to drink. I have often, very often, wished to go to England to thank you; and I desire to go the more because my father and mother are gone. But this cannot be; I must stay here and preach the gospel. Now my father and your reverend brother is gone to England, my request is, you will not let him go back alone. Do you quickly return with him, and help him to fill the land with light. God, the Holy Spirit, will be with you. Let not covetousness keep you from coming here; spiritual food sustains you: God's treasury is everywhere. Do not be buried in the thoughts of what it will cost you; of the sacrifices you must make: it behoves Christians to be satisfied with spiritual food. * * *
To conclude, let this letter be read to those churches to whom God has given abundance of this world's wealth. It behoves such to place God's money in God's treasury. If they bury it in their own houses, God will make the rust consume it, and the thief to dig it out. It is written, "Lay up for yourselves treasure in heaven, where neither moth," etc.; and, "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Amen.

'This letter leaves Gorruckpur for London in the year of Christ 1834.'

A still more characteristic display of the native

mind, when influenced by the love of Christ and his gospel, is given in the following letter to Mr. Wilkinson, in a letter from a Gorruckpur Christian four years later:—

'Holy Father, peace be with you!

'You are going to the land of your fathers. May your health be soon restored, and quickly may you come back to us!

'Our earthly paradise is darkened with the cloud ot gloom that hangs over it. The carpet of sin is spread over the face of the earth, and thousands are running over it to the region of eternal woe. O when will the cloud be dispersed, and the carpet of life be spread? In the natural heavens the sun on the horizon is the harbinger of a bright and clear day. As he rises in his strength the clouds are rent and retire to their watery bed, and the earth is covered with light as with a garment. Beautiful emblem of Jesus, the Sun of Righteousness! whose rising and whose rest will bring on the glorious day, when, as Isaiah prophesies, "the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be sevenfold, as the light of seven days." We have seen that sun on the horizon, but its progress is slow towards its full height. What impedes it? We read in the sacred page that in the days of king Joshua, God commanded, "Sun, stand thou still!" And there was a cause; for the Lord fought for Israel. But at whose command stands still the Sun of Righteousness? Was it light sent forth

but to mock us? Are the prayers of the faithful wanting? Is the chariot of the gospel stopped for want of horses and men to draw it? Why shines the sun in its full blaze of brightness on the land whence you came and whither you are going? O you who bask in its blaze, to you it is said, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come." It is written, "No man, having lighted a candle, putteth it under a bushel," etc. To do so is unwise as well as ungenerous; because the light may go out and you yourselves be left in the dark. These are the thoughts of an aged creature of God, who long walked in darkness, but into whose heart the Day-spring from on high has shone, and daily offers up his fervent cry that that light may increase more and more unto the perfect day, as saith wise king Solomon; and hopes at length to be like the woman in the last revelation of the mystery of God, for ever fixed in the sun.

'The salutation of Sheikh Razi-oo-Deen, your own child in Christ Jesus.

'*Gorruckpur*, 1840.'

During the late calamity, it was found impracticable to afford adequate British protection to the missionaries and the native Christians in Gorruckpur, and the station was, for a time, abandoned. The missionary, the Rev. H. Stern, thus describes the painful separation that took place between himself and his native congregation on August 13th, 1857:—

'I have now the sad duty to inform you that Government and all the English residents have marched out of Gorruckpur, under the protection of the Goorkah force, and encamped on the other side of the river. At three o'clock P.M. on the 13th inst., English protection ceased to be afforded to any individual in Gorruckpur, as we were informed by a circular from the authorities. No choice, therefore, was left to me but to pack a few things together, and follow the English flag wherever it may be planted. It was a very sad sight, thus, in one long procession, to leave the station; and I could not help thinking of king David, when he, with his nobles, fled from his son Absalom.

'Here we are, then, in camp these two days, within sight of Gorruckpur; and, if the report prove true, we are to march on to-morrow. As to the Mission, I have made such arrangements as I could under the circumstances. The schools were closed the day before we left; and the whole Mission property in Gorruckpur, together with Basharatpur, and everything belonging to that establishment, were made over by me to the rajah of Gopalpur, one of those rajahs who have hitherto assisted Government in the suppression of disturbances, and to whom the authorities made over the whole station and district. The rajah of Gopalpur has agreed to protect the Mission property, and to afford every assistance and protection to the native Christians residing at Basharatpur; and I have agreed, of course on my own

authority (for there was no time allowed to write to Calcutta), to make over all the revenue of Basharatpur, for one year, to the rajah. As soon as we return, which I trust may be after a short time, the rajah will make over the property to me, or my successor. All this is written down on paper, and a copy, with my signature and Charles Dass's, is in the rajah's hand, and the copy with the rajah's signature and seal is in my hands.

'Since the 13th inst. a guard of twelve men has been stationed at Basharatpur. There are left there 162 Christian souls; the rest are partly with me as servants, and have found employment with some gentlemen, and three families proceeded down the river in charge of some property belonging to the judge.

'Yesterday afternoon I visited the village for the last time. The whole number collected in the catechist's house, where I read the 71st Psalm, and offered up a prayer. When I departed, the whole number broke out in tears, especially the women and children. It was a most affecting scene, and I had great difficulty myself to remain firm. I hope I may see them all again after a short interval. I have made them over to the Lord, who can move the heart of the rajah to remain faithful to his word, and to protect the Christian flock, now in the wilderness without a shepherd. I cannot help feeling most sad at leaving these poor Christians behind. I trust I have done to the best of my judgment. Should any

evil befal them, which the Lord forbid, may it not be laid to my charge!'

During the next two months this little band of Christians maintained their firm adhesion to the cause of their heavenly Master. They were removed for protection to Basharatpur, after they abandoned Gorruckpur; but here they lived in continual fear and anxiety, and had to submit to the loss of their goods and great personal ill-treatment. The missionary gives the following statement of the scenes through which they passed:—

'During one dacoity, one of the Christians received a deep sword-cut in his back; others were beaten; the women, who usually ran into the jungle, were abused; and the catechist in charge, Raphael, seems to have been particularly exposed to the fury of the enemy. The maltreatment which he received very much hastened his death, which happened on the 12th October. A few days after this their best bullocks were seized, and several of the men carried before the chaklader, who kept them prisoners for two days. On learning that they were Christians, he ordered them to deny their faith, and become Mussulmans. One of the chakladar's men then interfered, and said that these Christians had been neither Hindoos nor Mussulmans, but were brought up as orphans in the Christian religion, and would therefore not be received by either of these persuasions.

'Nevertheless, the chakladar insisted on their

becoming Mohamedans, and requested them to look out for a maulavi. The seven Christians, as they tell me, appeared to consent to this arrangement. Upon this they were allowed to go to their homes. When they got there, they told their brethren what had happened. They then consulted together what to do. They left in small parties, by stealth at night, during several successive days, the first party leaving on the 20th October. After they had agreed to meet at a place called Shahpur, to the east of Gorruckpur, and beyond the boundary of their district, they all took the road through the jungle, and, after three days' travelling, they all reached Shahpur in safety, only one party being robbed on the road. The others saved a few clothes, and some even escaped with their carts and a pair of bullocks. Shahpur not being far from Bettiah, a Roman Catholic establishment, three families went there for protection: the rest intended to go to Benares.'

The statement respecting the seven men whose courage failed them, and who appeared to consent to the proposal that they should send for a Mohamedan priest, will be read with pain; but it must be viewed in contrast with the fact, that out of a number of more than a hundred and sixty, the Gorruckpur church presented no similar instance of wavering in the day of trial, while the faithful catechist in whose charge they were left was cruelly dealt with, and his death was hastened by the treatment he received from his Mohamedan persecutors.

The seven who appeared to waver were also mercifully preserved from the trial, for which they seem not to have been equal, so that they have not denied the faith.

In November, three months after the period of separation, the shepherd was again permitted to meet with his flock, and he thus describes the interview:—

'The native Christians, no less than myself, were very happy to see each other again after a separation of upwards of three months. Before I came up to them, where they were encamped in a large mango grove, the children came out running to meet me, and to conduct me into the midst of their parents, who surrounded me. Every one now commenced to tell his tale of the late trials and privations, in which all took an equal share. We all then had prayers, to thank the good Lord and Shepherd of our souls for thus having preserved us, and saved us from many dangers, and for having given us this first token of mercy in having permitted us thus to meet again. To Him be all praise and glory!'

# CHAPTER VII.

ALLAHABAD.—GOPENATH NUNDY, THE NATIVE MISSIONARY—HIS WIFE.—THE YOUNG ENGLISH ENSIGN, CHEEK.—NUNDY'S OWN DESCRIPTION OF HIS TRIAL.—THE DISPERSED RE-UNITED IN ALLAHABAD—'THE MARKS OF THE LORD JESUS.'

ALLAHABAD, situated at the confluence of the Jumna with the Ganges, and presenting one of the most beautiful scenes in the panorama of India, holds a prominent position in its recent sad history On the morning of the fifth of June, the Native Infantry gave to the officers the strongest assurances of their loyalty, and expressed the greatest distress on finding that loyalty called in question; and on the evening of the same day, they were in a state of rebellion, with their weapons turned against their officers, of whom several were at once inhumanly massacred. In an evil hour, many of the residents, who might have remained secure in the fort in which they had taken refuge, were induced to leave it, and trust to the assurance of security from the mutinous Sepoys. Their confidence was rewarded by death in

its most barbarous forms. Some were slowly hacked to pieces; one family, consisting of three generations, was burnt to death; in some cases, the nose, ears, lips, fingers, and toes of the victims were chopped off, and the limbs afterwards hacked to pieces. Innocent children did not escape the hands of the murderers, being put to death in the most cruel manner before the eyes of their mothers. By these methods about fifty Europeans were despatched. These outrages were accompanied by the work of plunder. Troops of rebels were busy running about the city, destroying the property of Europeans, and not allowing their own countrymen to escape. It would be gratifying if we could complete this notice without admitting that when the time for retribution arrived, it was administered by our *(Christian?)* countrymen in a spirit quite as savage and vindictive. It is lamentable to find a British officer telling his friend that when the Madras Fusiliers came up, 'then our fun began;' that the men under his command 'had been plundered, and were consequently as bloodthirsty as any demon need be;' and that although the Sikhs fighting on our side exhibited such scenes of drunkenness as the writer never before witnessed, 'drunk on duty on the ramparts, unable to hold their muskets,' yet 'no one could blame them.' We should have no Mission to India if men who can think or write in this style were the correct exponents of our moral sentiments. It is gratifying to be able to turn to very different scenes, and to witness among the

fruits of our Missions the true spirit and power of Christianity.

Many of the native Christians at Allahabad endured very severe persecutions, from which they might have escaped by the renunciation of their creed. It was stated by Mr. Hay, of the American Board of Missions, in a sermon preached at Southampton on Sunday, September 6, that many of the native Christians did not deem it necessary for their safety to enter the fort, and they and their families were apprehended by the authority of the maulavis. Their families were incarcerated and exposed to every insult and privation, while the native Christian ministers and teachers were put into the public stocks, and exposed there for nearly a week, night and day, with scarcely any refreshment; while savage and infuriated fanatics were often brandishing swords over them, and threatening them with the most horrible mutilations, unless they forswore their Christian faith and embraced Mohamedanism.

One of these sufferers, the Rev. Gopenath Nundy, was a native convert, and a missionary to his own countrymen. His remarkable history is best told in the following letter of the Rev. Dr. Duff:—

'*Calcutta, 6th Nov.*, 1857.

'MY DEAR DR. TWEEDIE—It is no longer doubtful that India has now had its first *Protestant native* martyrs—martyrs, who have laid down their lives for the testimony of Jesus—martyrs, who have been

cruelly put to death by relentless Mohamedans, simply for professing that "only name given under heaven whereby men can be saved." God, in mercy, grant that their blood, as in the days of old, may become the seed of the native Evangelical Church of India!

'These bloody butcheries of native Christians, by the hands of the followers of the false prophet, took place chiefly at Delhi, Bareilly, and Futtehgurh. Two of those slaughtered at the first of these places were men of high position and influence in society—one, a sub-assistant surgeon in the service of the East India Company; the other, professor of mathematics in the Government Delhi College. Both had embraced Christianity in their riper years, when occupying the situations which they filled with so much credit to themselves and such entire satisfaction to their employers. The surgeon, about a quarter of a century ago, received his early education in our Calcutta Institution, and there imbibed those first principles of Jehovah's holy oracles, which clung to him through all vicissitudes of life, until at last they ripened into mature convictions, which issued in his openly professing the faith of Jesus. A blessed illustration this of the sureness of the promise, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days." When at Delhi, about the close of 1849, I had long and earnest interviews with himself and the native mathematical professor; they were then still only inquirers; but shortly afterwards, in

my own native land, I was privileged to hear of their baptism. Their career has now been mysteriously cut short; since, from their social position and influence, much might have been achieved by them in advancing the cause of Jesus among their benighted countrymen. So would we, in our short-sightedness, be ready to conclude! But God's ways are not as our ways. Out of their death—a blessed exchange to themselves—he may bring forth matter for the advancement of his cause on earth, and the promotion of his own glory.

'Of some other native Christians, it may be truly said that, though not actually slaughtered, they underwent all the horrors of the fiery trial of a living martyrdom, and came forth from the furnace unscathed. To the case of one of these, Gopenath Nundy, I think it seasonable to draw special attention, as he is one of the earliest converts of our own mission—having been one of the first set of converts baptised by me, as far back as the close of 1832. He has, for some years past, been an ordained minister in connexion with our missionary brethren of the Old School American Presbyterian Church. A year or two after his baptism, he had gone to the north-west to take charge of a Christian school, maintained by pious British officers at Futtehpore, between Allahabad and Cawnpore. Naturally attached to Presbyterianism, he was very properly led to join the American Presbyterian Missionaries when they settled in that quarter. To them, especially on their

first arrival, he was enabled to render very essential service. And ultimately, finding him in every way worthy, they solemnly ordained him as a minister of the gospel. From his excellent talents, remarkable consistency, and integrity of conduct, gentlemen high in the East India Company's Civil Service repeatedly pressed him to accept of honorable situations under them, with a salary double, treble, or even quadruple what he could ever expect to obtain as a native missionary. But, to his credit, it must be stated that he stedfastly resisted all these allurements; preferred being engaged directly in the cause of evangelism, the cause of the gospel of Christ, at any salary, however low, to being engaged in the cause of Cæsar however honorable, or at any salary however high. At a time when so tremendous a cry has been raised about the heathen natives of India, because of the atrocities committed by them, it is proper to fasten on a case of this kind, to show what a transmutation the gospel can effect in their character; and thus to point to the real and only true remedy of poor India's manifold evils and wrongs.

'After laboring very successfully with the American missionaries at Futtehgurh, which lies between Cawnpore and Bareilly, he returned, some years ago to his old station of Futtehpore. There he labored *alone*. Futtehpore being a civil station, he ministered to the British as well as to the natives; and to the right-minded of the former, his services were always most acceptable. By his untiring energy, and indefatigable

industry he succeeded, chiefly through the contributions of British residents, in building mission-houses, rearing chapels, and planting schools. And what is better, through God's blessing on his faithful, prayerful labors, a native church, numbering several scores, inclusive of men, women, and children, was gathered by him, and carefully nurtured. His work attracted so much attention, that about two years ago, the late Hon. W. Colvin, governor of Agra, visited him, inspected his schools, etc., and expressed the highest satisfaction with all he saw and learnt.

'In May last, after the terrible massacres at Meerut and Delhi, alarm and panic spread, with electric rapidity, northwards to the awful defiles of the Khyber Pass in Affghanistan, and southward to the bay of Bengal. On the twenty-fourth of that month, the horizon looked so threatening, that the magistrate of Futtehpore advised all European ladies and native Christian females to leave the station for Allahabad. Gopenath, deeming it to be a duty to act on the advice, proceeded with his wife and family, together with the wives and children of the native converts, to that city, intending to return to his post as soon as he saw them all lodged in the fortress. On reaching Allahabad, however, he soon found that things there looked just as ominously as at Futtehpore; only at the former, they had the great fortress, which commands the Ganges and the Jumna, to fall back upon. But even the fortress looked as insecure as the city; since it was guarded chiefly by the Sheiks,

whose loyalty was at that time doubtful, and by a company of the 6th Native Infantry, the very regiment which so soon mutinied and killed their officers —there being in it only sixty or seventy invalid Europeans hurriedly brought from the fort of Chunar. Concluding also, that, as natives, he and his family might have a better chance of escaping, in the event of an outbreak, if they were outside the fort, he went on the very morning of the day on which the mutiny broke out, and took possession of one of the mission houses on the banks of the Jumna, at a distance of about three miles.

'From this house (Mr. Owen's), on the evening of that fatal day, they were startled by the glare of conflagration in the cantonments, and the confused, though somewhat distant noise of infuriated multitudes, commingling with volleys of musketry. They could not hesitate as to the cause. Cut off from the fort and the entire European community, after five or six hours of dreadful suspense, they resolved, before the dawn of next day, to attempt to cross the Jumna, and proceeded by land to Mirzapore, distant about sixty miles. Having exchanged their dress for coarse and common raiment, taking with them a few rupees to defray the necessary expenses, and leaving all the rest of their baggage behind as prey to the mutineers and their fellow-plunderers, they reached the opposite bank of the river about day-break, and set off on foot for Mirzapore. The fugitive party consisted of Gopenath and his wife,

two boys, the elder of them only seven or eight years of age, the younger one about six, and an infant at the breast, who, of course, had to be carried —their servants, in spite of every promise of ample reward, having refused to accompany them. After walking a few miles, the summer sun in a cloudless copper sky soon blazing upon them with furnace heat—their blistered feet refused to carry them any further, and they sank down fainting and exhausted. "Then," says Gopenath, "when in an awful dilemma, not knowing what to do, we raised our hearts to Him who is always ready to hear and grant the petitions of his believing people." Nor did they trust in vain. As they were praying, an empty cart came up that was returning that way; and the driver, for a reasonable sum, agreed at once to take them on a few miles.

'The cartman having reached the distance bargained for, dropped them in an open field, wholly without shelter of any kind, exposed to the fierceness of a meridian sun, and the fiery vehemence of the hot winds, which drove suffocating clouds of dust before them. Nor was this all; besides the hostility of the elements, they had suddenly to encounter the far more dreaded hostility of relentless men—men, set loose from the salutary restraints of government and law. It was evident that tidings of the mutiny and massacre at Allahabad had spread before them. All controlling authority being evidently considered as at an end, they no sooner stopped, than, to their utter

surprise, they were surrounded by the neighboring villagers, armed with latties (sticks with lead twisted round one end), swords, and muskets, threatening forthwith to rob and kill them. Again did they raise up their souls in fervent supplication to their gracious heavenly Father; and again did he interpose for their deliverance. The zemindar of the place, a Hindoo, suddenly made his appearance just in time. Gopenath at once confessed that he and his family were Christians, and that their trust was in the God of the Christians. The zemindar, more intelligent than the armed rabble—knowing more of the resources of the *Christian British* government, and fearing after-retribution, persuaded them to let their prey escape undamaged. He even procured the services of a cartman, who, for a moderate hire, agreed to take the party to Mirzapore. Thus the simple honesty of Gopenath, in confessing, in trying circumstances, that he and his family were Christians, seemed to be the very means of saving their lives.

'Their progress that day was not very great. About sunset they reached a village, distant only about twelve miles from Allahabad. There they found shelter for the night from a Brahmin, who professed friendship, but in reality cherished deadly enmity. From a conversation which they happened providentially to overhear, they gathered that the Brahmin's purpose was to murder them in cold blood while sleeping, and thus secure the entire booty to himself. In this diabolical purpose he was

frustrated by their keeping awake all night—praying aloud, and singing praises to God their Father in heaven. Early in the morning they wished to depart, but could not, as the cartman had absconded with his vehicle, while the villagers assumed a fearfully threatening attitude. While detained there, they were doomed to witness some revolting atrocities, which indicated that the spirit of the murderous mutineers had also become, to a great extent, the spirit of the people at large. Here is a specimen:—A Hindoo syce (groom, or horsekeeper), returning from Cawnpore, to his home at Mirzapore, with his wife and only child, about a year old—and having several bundles, containing, probably, the earnings of years—was arrested by the villagers. The syce himself they seized first, and soon plundered of everything, even the very clothes on his body. But when they began to strip his wife of her clothes, she very naturally made resistance. Resistance, however, being vain, she pitifully implored them to spare a part of her garment, sufficient to cover her nakedness. But this only exasperated the heartless villains; who, in their frantic rage, snatched the child from the mother's arms, and, holding it by the legs, dashed its little head violently on a stone, scattering the brains all around!

'After such a spectacle, well might Gopi and his wife fear that there was no hope for them. Having passed another day and sleepless night, amid scenes of violence and unceasing alarm, and having judged

that death seemed inevitable anyhow, they resolved to put an end to excruciating suspense, and bring matters to a speedy and decisive issue, by openly and boldly confronting the danger. Accordingly, early on the morning of the third day, they started on their perilous journey. But hardly had they reached the main road, when they were beset by bands of armed ruffians, shouting defiance and menace. Interpreting their intentions, Gopenath simply and plainly told them that he was a Christian padre (minister), that his vocation was to preach the gospel of salvation—the very substance of which was "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and goodwill to men"—that the property and lives of himself and family were in other hands, that they might do with them as they thought proper, while they would submit in humble resignation to the will of God. The transparent honesty and conciliatory tendency of such words seemed to operate with some assuaging influence. Still, the property they must have, though they might spare their lives. Gopenath then besought them to allow him, at least, to retain the truss which he was compelled to wear, in consequence of an internal rupture, as also his English Bible, which being in an unknown tongue, could be of no use to them. But no! They must have all, clothes, bundles, truss, Bible, and everything. After being stripped completely bare, without offering any resistance, the villains began to quarrel among them-

selves about the division of the spoil. And, while from quarrelling they proceeded to mutual blows, Gopenath, wife, and children, contrived to run away, and so effected their escape.

'Finding that the road to Mirzapore was blocked up, and rendered quite impassable, by hordes of ruthless robbers, they resolved to attempt to retrace their steps to Allahabad, though the attempt had all the appearance of a forlorn hope. Into the details of this weary retrograde journey I cannot now enter. Suffice it to say, that, after having endured much suffering, from exposure to the sun and hot winds, as well as from hunger and thirst, and nakedness, and the ragings of the heathen, they succeeded, through the aid of some Hindoo zemindars, in reaching the Jumna. When crossing the river, they saw the mission bungalow burnt down to ashes, the beautiful church shattered and dismantled, with endless other memorials in every direction, of havoc and rapine.

'On landing, they were instantly encompassed with Mussulmans, who, on learning that they were Christians, began to clamour for their lives. And killed there and then they inevitably would have been, had not the Lord put it into the heart of a Hindoo goldsmith to take pity on them, and receive them into his own house; while himself, his son, and brother, actually stood with drawn swords at the outer gate to defend them from the murderous weapons of the sanguinary followers of the Arabian

prophet. There they heard of the massacre in the cantonments, with the general plunder and destruction of property, with the further addition, which happily turned out to be untrue, that the mutineers had seized the fortress and murdered all its inmates. Such information was well calculated to drive them into utter despair.

'In the meanwhile a Maulavi, or learned Mohamedan, had, in the name of the king of Delhi, proclaimed himself acting ruler of Allahabad and neighborhood. And, when the goldsmith could protect them no longer from the thousands that craved for their lives, they entreated the infuriated mob not to kill them there, but to take them to their own acknowledged head, the Maulavi, that he might pass on them what sentence he pleased. So eagerly bent were they on their destruction, that it was with extreme difficulty that this request was complied with. Even on their way to the Maulavi, they were again and again on the eve of being butchered. As one who kills a Kaffir or unbeliever—and all Christians are such in the estimation of Mussulmans—is declared to be rewarded by being carried to the seventh or highest heaven—there was a burning impatience on the part of the frenzied multitude to earn a share of this transcendent felicity by at once imbruing their hands in Kaffir blood.

At length, however, they did reach the Maulavi, who had taken possession of a European garden house. There he was seated, like a king on a

throne, surrounded by men with drawn swords.* Then followed a notable interview, which I shall give as nearly as possible in Gopenath's own words:

'*Maulavi.*—Who are you? *Gopenath*—We are Christians. *M.*—What place do you come from? *G.*—Futtehpore. *M.*—What was your occupation? *G.*—Preaching and teaching the Christian religion. *M.*—Are you a *padre?* *G.*—Yes, sir. *M.*—Was it you who used to go about reading and distributing books in streets and villages? *G.*—Yes, sir; it was I and my catechists. *M.*—How many Christians have you made? *G.*—I did not make any Christians, for no human being can change the heart of another; but God, through my instrumentality, to the belief and profession of his true religion, some thirty or forty.

'On this, the Maulavi lost his temper, and exclaimed in a great rage, "Fy, fy; shame, shame; this is downright blasphemy. God never makes Kaffirs (Christians being such); but you, Kaffirs, pervert the people. God always makes Mohamedans; for the religion of Mohamed, which we follow, is the only true religion."

'*M.*—How many Mohamedans have you perverted to your religion? *G.*—I have not perverted any one: but, by the grace of God, about a dozen Mohamedans have turned from darkness unto the glorious light of the gospel.

'Hearing this, the Maulavi's face became as red as hot iron, and he cried out in great wrath, "You are

* See Frontispiece.

a rogue—a villain. You have renounced your forefathers' faith, and become a child of Satan, and have been using your every effort to bring others into the same road of destruction. You deserve no ordinary punishment. Yours must be a cruel death. My sentence, therefore, is, that your nose, ears, and hands shall be cut off at different times, so as to prolong your sufferings. Your wife must be dealt with in the same manner, and your children shall be taken into slavery."

'On this, Gopenath's wife, with undaunted courage, was enabled to say to the Maulavi, "Since we are to die, the only favor I ask for is, that we be not separated in our death; and that, instead of torturing, you order us to be killed at once."

'There was something in this remark, which, coming from a tender and delicate female, seemed to touch even the obdurate heart of the proud and haughty despot, who, for the hour, was lord of the ascendant. So, after having kept silent for a while, as if profoundly meditating, he broke the silence, by exclaiming, "Praised be God! you appear to be a respectable man; I pity you and your family. As a friend, therefore, I advise you and them to become Mohamedans. By doing so, you will not only save your lives, but be raised to a high rank." To this Gopenath's answer was, that "they would prefer death to any inducement he could hold out to them to change their faith in Jesus Christ, as the only true Saviour." Somewhat astonished at the calm and firm reply,

and apparently incredulous as to this being the resolve of Gopenath's wife, he made a special appeal to her. Through God's grace at that trying moment, she staggered not in her faith, but, with as much firmness and decision as her husband, replied, that she "was ready to sacrifice her life in preference to her trust in the Lord Jesus Christ and the profession of his name; and that no inducement which he could hold out would make her change her mind."

'Evidently taken aback by so unexpected a reply, the Maulavi next asked Gopenath if he had ever read the Koran? The answer was, "Yes, I have." "Ah," said he, "but you could not have read it with a view to be profited by it; you can only have been picking out isolated passages in order to argue with the Mohamedans."

'After a little further reflection—being evidently puzzled what to do—his final sentence was this:—"Well, out of pity I will allow you three days to think over the matter; during these days you may have proper help in studying the Koran. At the expiry of these, I shall send for you. If you then believe and become Mohamedans, all right and good—it will go well with you. But if otherwise, your noses, ears, and hands, must be cut off, according to the original sentence." On which Gopenath remarked, "It is all in vain; there is no occasion to wait so long; for, while God is pleased to continue his grace to us, we will not renounce our faith. And as God's grace never fails those who trust in him, it

were better for you at once to order our heads to be cut off." To this the Maulavi made no reply; but made signs to his attendants to take them off to prison, which was at no great distance.

'While on the way to prison, guarded by fierce Mussulmans with drawn swords, Gopenath says, "I raised my heart in praise and adoration to the Lord Jesus Christ, for having given us grace to stand firm in the trying hour when our lives were disposed of, and to overcome all the temptations which the Maulavi could hold forth. Repeating aloud the 11th and 12th verses of the 5th chapter of Matthew, I thanked my blessed Lord for counting us worthy to suffer for his name's sake."

'On reaching the place of imprisonment, they were surprised and saddened to find already there several other native Christians who had been caught on the preceding day—a British officer, covered all over with festering wounds, and another English gentleman, with his wife and five children, two or three of the latter being grown-up daughters, all of whom had to submit to insults and indignities from their unfeeling keepers. After mutual converse Gopenath proposed that, as they were doomed to die, they had better unite in prayer, and cast themselves on the guardian care of Him who could deliver them from the mouth of the lion; or, if that was not his will, could render them triumphant when undergoing the most cruel death.

'When engaged in this exercise the grim gaoler,

highly offended, rushed forward, and violently kicking Gopenath on the back, sternly demanded him to desist, adding, that if he prayed properly in the name of Mohamed, he might pray as long as he pleased. On which Gopi's own remarks is: "Our lips were thereby truly closed, but our hearts were still in communion with God, who regards the motions and desires of the heart more than the mere utterance of the lips."

'Perceiving that Gopenath's words cheered his fellow-captives, and that his attention served somewhat to relieve the poor officer, whose wounds had become putrifying sores, and who, in his torment, could neither sit, nor stand, nor lie down on the bare ground, the wicked gaoler resolved to separate him from his family and all the rest. To this gratuitously cruel change some resistance was made; on which a body of rebels fell upon them with weapons, dragging Gopenath himself outside, and fastening his feet in the stocks, and seizing his wife by the hair of her head, knocking it against a brick, and inflicting a severe wound on the forehead, the impression of which will cling to her through life.

'The bodily sufferings and mental agonies of all now became unspeakably aggravated. The wonder is, that Gopenath was enabled to survive for a day. For outside, with his feet in the stocks, he was exposed without any shelter at all, bareheaded, to the blazing sun and hot winds.

'If ever the promise, "The sun shall not smite

thee by day," was literally verified, surely it was in this case. For, to add to the wonder, Gopenath had for years been afflicted with a cerebral affection, the result of overstrained and unceasing mental energy that knew no repose. And previously, the least direct exposure to the sun, or over-exercise, was wont to heighten his sore malady. But now, as he himself remarked, singular to say, "notwithstanding so much privation and fatigue, so much exposure to the sun and hot winds, our heavenly Father did not permit the dangerous complaint to be increased, but throughout causing it to remain much as it was before, when ministered to by all the needful appliances of relief."

'Supplied with only a handful of parched grain in the middle of the day, and a single hard *chapatti* (or thin, coarse wheaten cake) at night, and a very little dirty water, they suffered also from hunger and thirst. Then, about every five minutes, the Maulavi's emissaries assailed them—threatening to take away their lives if they did not instantly become Mohamedans. An illiterate Maulavi, also, used to pester them by reading passages of the Koran; but when questioned as to their meaning, he confessed he did not know, as it was written in Arabic; to know the meaning was not necessary, as the virtue lay in hearing and remembering the words of the sacred book.

'At last the third, the fatal day that was to seal their doom, arrived; and we may suppose with what

intense anxiety they were waiting to receive the order to appear in the Maulavi's presence, and undergo the dreadful sentence. But the day passed away as usual; the Maulavi, from some unknown cause or other, did not send for them. On the sixth day, however, of their confinement, the Maulavi himself came to them; and, looking at Gopenath, asked, with a leer of the eye, if he was comfortable? The reply was, "How can I be comfortable, thus exposed, day and night, with my feet in the stocks; but I take it patiently, as such is the will of my heavenly Father." Again, by threatenings, and by promises, he strove to persuade them to renounce Christ, and embrace the faith of Mohamed — evidently concluding that it would redound more to his glory, and that of his religion, were he to succeed in making converts of a Christian minister and his family, than merely to put them to death, even by torture. His patience, however, now seemed exhausted, by the resolute refusal of the poor sufferers, and their steadfast perseverance in witnessing a "good confession" of the name of Jesus. Accordingly, disappointed and chagrined, he went away, denouncing instant and summary vengeance.

But his cruel and despotic reign was nearer an end than he had calculated upon; and the deliverance of his doomed captives nearer at hand than they had ever dared to dream of. For *that very day*, the *sixth* of their confinement, in consequence of the arrival of the gallant, and now, alas! lamented Neill,

with his Fusiliers, a band of European and Sheik soldiers issued out from the fort to attack the rebels. After a severe conflict, the latter were totally defeated; and on the following morning, before daybreak, the enemy retreated, and abandoned Allahabad with so much precipitation that they left their prisoners behind, unslaughtered. Soon were Gopenath, his family, and the other Europeans, delivered, escaping like birds out of the cage of the fowler. And soon were they secure within the fort, and cherished in the very lap of Christian kindness. Then did they joyously unite with their missionary brethren, and others, in praising and magnifying the name of their faithful, covenant-keeping God, who had so wondrously sustained them amid such complicated trials and sufferings, strengthened them to make a full and open confession of his blessed name and religion before the enemy, and finally so unexpectedly delivered them from the very jaws of Satan.

'There he soon heard of the horrible death to which his old benefactor, Mr. Tucker, judge of Futtehpore, was subjected by his own Mohamedan deputy—a man whom he himself had raised from obscurity, and placed in a situation at once lucrative and honorable—and who now repaid the generous kindness by treacherously betraying his master, and reading passages of the Koran over him, as the warrant for putting him to a cruel death. There, too, he heard of the total destruction of the mission

property—church and schools, with mission house and furniture, and library of valuable works—all completely destroyed; and, as the time when it might be safe to return to the station seemed far distant, he availed himself of the offer of a free passage, in one of the Government steamers to Calcutta. Here he has been for the last three months; and, from his own lips, I have again and again heard the affecting narrative, of which I have now endeavored, by the omission of many minute details, to furnish a compendious sketch.

'And surely it is not possible for any one to peruse it without sensibly feeling that it furnishes a signal illustration of the triumphs of Divine grace. Naturally and constitutionally, he is just as weak, timid, and cowardly as any other native of Bengal. But when the truth of God is concerned, his faith renders him bold and fearless as a lion. His entire demeanour throughout, and especially the calmness and resolute fortitude manifested by this *native Hindu Protestant minister*, when under trial and condemnation by an arch-priest and arch-tyrant of antichristian Mohamedanism, may well bear comparison with any of the more notable trials of *European Protestant ministers* by the arch-priests and arch-tyrants of antichristian Popery. And is not this matter for adoring thankfulness? Away, then, with the foul calumny of godless politicians and mere men of the world, that there never has been a genuine native convert in India! or that all native converts are alike hypocritical

and insincere! Apart from the thousands in Tinnevelly, and the hundreds or the scores elsewhere, the case of Gopenath Nundy, and of the actual martyrdoms at Delhi, Bareilly, and Futtehgurh, ought for ever to silence the wicked slander. And then, think of Gopenath's wife! She, too, was as brave of heart as her husband for the testimony of Jesus! She, too, was ready to be taken from her husband and children, and lay down her life rather than repudiate the faith of Jesus, her blessed Lord and Saviour. There is hope, then, for India's daughters. Some of them have already paid the penalty of their lives for bearing the name of Christ; and others have nobly proved that they were ready to die rather than renounce that blessed name.

'Let us, then, in all this see wherein the true hope for India lies. See what Christianity did for Gopenath and his family and fellow-sufferers! See what the want of Christianity has done for the high-caste Sepoys! When will our nominally Christian statesmen learn lessons of practical wisdom from these conspicuous dealings of Jehovah's providence? But I must pause. Gopenath, as I stated, is now here. And as he cannot be idle, wherever he is, he is busily engaged in preaching in the native bungalow chapels, in looking after native converts, and in rendering effectual assistance daily in our institution. The Lord spare and bless him in all his labors!

'Yours affectionately,

'ALEXANDER DUFF.'

This narrative, as thus given in the 'Church Missionary Gleaner,' having reached Gopenath Nundy, by whom it was 'borrowed and returned,' has called forth from the sufferer some further details, which it is gratifying to present from his own pen. He says:

'I cannot conclude this without inserting a few words about the manifestation of God's goodness towards us. The saving of our lives was a miracle. Other dear Christians, both European and native, were exposed to similar dangers, but most of them were slaughtered. No less than ten or twelve times we were brought to the very brink of the grave. Everything appeared as against us. The sun beat upon us with all its powerful rays; the hot wind—of which you cannot form any conception, as you were never in the country—pierced like deadly arrows; the sword hung, and was ready to fall upon us, to divide our bodies from our heads; starvation and nakedness brought our mortal frames into a state of wretchedness; yet none had power to injure us, because such was not the will of our heavenly Father. Again, the trials were so great and incessant, that nothing but the grace of God alone kept us faithful. The Maulavi, when foiled by arguments to bring us to renounce the Christian faith, brought forward all the threats which a wicked heart could invent. He threatened to take off all the limbs of our bodies, and thus torture us to death; but when he saw that these even had no effect to change our creed, he then promised to give us riches, land free of rent, and

other worldly grandeurs; but, thanks be to God, he soon received a negative answer. His next attack was on my poor wife, who, though naturally a timid woman, yet at that moment she was astonishingly bold in declaring her faith. Well may I insert the sweet words of our blessed Lord—"And ye shall be brought before governors and kings for my sake, for a testimony against them and the Gentiles. But when they deliver you up, take no thought how or what ye shall speak; for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak; for it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you." Surrounded as she was by no less than a hundred infuriated and savage-looking men with drawn swords, ready to inflict torture, yet she defended her faith most gloriously. When the Maulavi appealed to her, and said what he would do—thinking, no doubt, that her natural weakness would yield to his proposals, but not knowing that a greater Power than his was directing and supporting her—she humbly, and yet with a loud voice, declared that she was ready to undergo any punishment he would inflict, but would not deny her Master and Saviour. While the man was arguing with me she felt somewhat assured that we should be called to seal our faith with our blood. She began to teach the little boys in presence and in hearing of all; and thus she said—"You, my sweet children, will be taken and kept as slaves, when we will be killed, but do not forget to say your prayers every day; and when the English power is

re-established, fly to them for refuge, and relate the circumstance of our end." And, while instructing, she was kissing them all the time. This pitiful scene no doubt touched their hard and stony hearts. The Maulavi ordered us to be taken to the prison, and kept for a future occasion. Thus came we out through our fiery trials, praising and glorifying Jesus for giving us grace and strength to confess him before the world.'

Gopenath Nundy, in the same communication, thus speaks of the Futtehpur native Christians: 'All of them, with their families, remained in the Mission premises to the last moment. When the mutineers attacked and burnt all the houses, they then fled in different directions. Some of them, after crowding in jungles for more than a month, came to Allahabad for shelter: the others, no one knows whether they were killed by the mutineers or fell victims to the climate. One family, a man and his wife, who were both baptised and admitted into the Christian church, were caught by the mutineers. One of the man's hands was cut off, and the woman, after being savagely treated, was shorn of her hair. The English army arriving in time, saved their lives. They are now at Allahabad.'

The 'British officer' mentioned in this narrative has been made the subject of a special memoir,* of which the following is a brief epitome. It should be observed

* The Martyr of Allahabad. Memorials of Ensign Cheek, of the Sixth Native Bengal Infantry. By the Rev. Robert Meek, M.A. Nisbet.

in justice to Gopenath Nundy, that his faith was not giving way when the memorable words of the young Englishman were addressed to him. The story has been repeated in a manner calculated to lead to an impression that the Christian courage of Nundy was on the point of failure, when it was restored by the exhortations of his youthful friend.

Arthur Marcus Hill Cheek, or, as his friends usually called him 'Marcus,' was born at Evesham, July 31, 1840. He grew rapidly up to the stature of man, and at fifteen stood within an inch of six feet. Evincing a strong partiality for the military profession, an appointment as ensign was secured for him in the Indian army, and in March of last year, when not yet seventeen, he left England to join his regiment, the Sixth Native Infantry, then stationed at Allahabad. Prior to his departure, he had avowed himself a member of the Christian church, and shown by his conscientious behaviour, that serious thoughts were habitual with him. The mutiny was already in progress when he reached his destination, and in a fortnight from the time of his arrival he was in the midst of it. The Jumna flows into the Ganges at Allahabad, and the junction constitutes the holiest of all bathing-places to the pilgrims of Hindustan. Marcus had walked by the broad streams in their confluence, and had written briefly home, telling of the noble city that stretched along their banks, and expressing his gratification at the new circumstances in which he found himself.

These bright prospects were soon darkened. There came rumors of insurgents advancing from the west, and the women and children were sent into the fort for safety. But the regiment to which Ensign Cheek was attached had recently volunteered, with enthusiasm, to march against the Delhi rebels, and had been publicly thanked for their loyal spirit; so that, trusting to stalwart Sepoys rather than to stone walls, the majority of civilians preferred to remain in their usual quarters. It is an error to say that any one trusted to Sepoys rather than to stone walls. The fort was terribly crowded, and very hot; and when the Governor General's praise and thanks to the regiment were read out and received with cheers, most thought that the difficulty would be tided over. The Rev. J. Owen would have left the fort to re-occupy his house into which Gopenath went; but he had got his chest of drawers with his clothes in the fort; and the inconvenience of moving them induced him to sleep that fatal night in the fort, instead of going back to his house. On such a slight circumstance did the preservation of his life hang! Nearly all the civilians were in the fort. The officers of course were obliged to stay with their men.

On the evening of the 6th of June, the officers of 'the Sixth' sat down to mess in old English comfort. Suddenly, the faithless soldiery sounded the alarm bugle, surrounded them, and shot them down right and left. Of seventeen, only three escaped, two by swimming the Ganges; nine young ensigns were

bayoneted in the mess-room; and, in all, fifty Europeans fell that night. The treasury was plundered, the gaol opened, the station fired, and atrocities committed too terrible for words. A maulavi hoisted the green flag of the Prophet over the town, and declared himself viceroy of the king of Delhi. Under the scorching sun by day, and through the sleepless night, the beleaguered garrison of fugitives manned the ramparts of the fort, whence, hour by hour, their guns belched forth showers of flame. The gallant Neill—who rests now 'alone with his glory,' in a soldier's grave at Lucknow, pursuing his mission of relief up the valley from Benares, arrived at length too late to avert disaster, but not too late to punish the murderers. The mutineers were speedily routed, and order and security again restored.

At the outbreak of this sanguinary struggle, Ensign Cheek happily escaped instant death. He had retired early to his own private lodgings, and was therefore absent when the attack was made on his brother officers. Coming out into the street on hearing the tumult, he was struck down with a sword, and left, it is supposed, for dead. He contrived, however, to crawl away unnoticed, and to hide himself in a ravine by the Ganges. Here he found a stream, the waters of which sustained his life for four days: and for protection from wild beasts he managed, although badly wounded, to raise himself into a tree at night.

On the fifth day of his concealment, Marcus was

discovered, and dragged before the insurgent chief at the Khoosroo's garden, where he had established himself. In several of the published accounts of what then occurred there are slight discrepancies; and it is certain that an air of romance has been thrown around some of the facts which does not properly belong to them. We confine ourselves to authenticated documents, and from them construct a simple narrative.

There are those living who, in witnessing a good confession, must share our sympathy with Marcus Cheek. Death may set the seal to faith, may enrol in the 'noble army' above, and confer the palm of eternal victory, but it does not constitute the martyr. It is the animating spirit, that testifies in courageous words or patient endurance to the truth believed—'the spirit of life because of righteousness,' that in trusting the issues to God, whether the end come now or is delayed awhile, is honored of him and secure of reward. Prominent in the group of Christians who suffered with the young soldier at Allahabad was Gopenath Nundy, who met with young Cheek in the dungeon to which they were both committed.

'In this dungeon were several other native Christians, an English gentleman, with his wife and daughters. The young ensign was covered with festered wounds. The poor lad's sufferings were severe in the extreme; he could neither sit up nor lie down as the others on the bare ground. Gope-

nath, touched with compassion, begged of the gaoler for him a coarse bedstead, and gave him water and such food as he could prepare, to revive him. And then, as the faint eye glistened with momentary life, and the feeble tongue slowly articulated, he sat and listened to him as he told the story of his sufferings, or talked of his mother and distant friends. But this kindness of Gopenath roused the ire of the gaoler, who insisted on removing him into another place; and, on this being resisted, called in soldiers, who thrust him out, fastened his feet in the stocks, and left him exposed, bare-headed, to the blazing sun and heated winds. Supplied with only a handful of parched grain in the middle of the day, and a single hard, coarse wheaten cake at night, and a very little dirty water, this small band of Christian prisoners endured much from hunger and thirst. Every few minutes, too, they were exposed to the threats of the Maulavi's emissaries, who swore to take their lives if they did not become Mohamedans. So the long days passed; not all wearily and painfully, for 'the salvation of the righteous is of the Lord: he is their strength in the time of trouble.'

The third day, Gopenath's day of doom, came and went like the others. On the sixth day, however, the Maulavi himself appeared: he threatened, he exhorted, but alike in vain; and his patience failing him, he departed, disappointed and chagrined, denouncing instant and summary vengeance. That very day he had himself to flee the avenger.

Throughout these trying scenes, despite his physical helplessness and suffering, Marcus Cheek faltered not in his trust. Asked by his tormentors to become a Mussulman, and threatened, like the rest, with death if he refused, he answered, "Anything but resign my faith and hope in my Redeemer." Overhearing the cruel words addressed to Gopenath, he called to him, '*Padre Sahib! hold on to your faith; don't give it up.*' To Mrs. Coleman, their lady companion, he spoke in the same confident tone. Almost in his last moments of sensibility he called her to his side, and bade her '*Remember to do everything but that; be true to your faith and your hope;*' and then she and he were parted; and we know no more.

Thus for nearly a week Ensign Cheek was exposed to the brutal caprice of his captors. Nothing could be learnt of him for several days by those in the fort. On the 12th of June they heard that he was lying, badly wounded, with others, at the Khoosroo's; but they were unable to attempt a rescue. On the 17th, however, reinforcements having arrived, under the gallant Neill, the mutineers were attacked, and dispersed on every hand. So sudden was their flight, that they left their prisoners untouched. Some friendly people carried Marcus Cheek to the American mission-house, on the banks of the Jumna, whence Gopenath had fled; and he was thence conveyed in a steamer to the fort. He was then in a sad state; his forehead gashed with a

sabre stroke, and his body covered with bruises and sores. At intervals he appeared slightly sensible, and then again his spirit lapsed into slumber under the shadow of death. That same evening he died; his last uttered wish, in a moment of seeming consciousness, was, to write to his mother. So gentle was he, yet so strong! They buried him in the covered way, by the river side. There he has won his rest—life's first great duty, and its last—done nobly.

In Marcus Cheek the fortitude of the young soldier was only equalled by the faith of the young Christian. To die thus is to enter heaven crowned, and for a brief agony to be compensated with immortal felicity. His complete triumph in so sudden a trial shows how boundless are the resources of power and consolation secretly treasured in the hearts of those who have made God their refuge. They can say, 'What shall separate us from the love of Christ?' for they remember the words, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.'

The Rev. James Kennedy, of the London Missionary Society, has since the mutiny had some interesting interviews with the native Christians of Allahabad, of which he has given the following account:—

'From Mirzapore I went on to Allahabad. I received a letter from the leading man among the native Christians there, expressing the great pleasure which a visit from me would give them. All the mission-

aries having left some months ago, I was particularly desirous to visit the native Christian community at that station. As I travelled I saw traces of the dire rebellion which had been raging for some months, in burnt-down houses and well-nigh desolate villages. The road was well frequented, but I met more men bearing arms than was agreeable for a quiet traveller like myself. Though we had had disturbances at Benares, and our full share of anxiety, it was on reaching Allahabad I saw for the first time on a large scale the desolating effects of the mutiny. I had been frequently in that place, and knew it well. It was one of the finest stations in Northern India. It was for nine days in the hands of mutineers and rebels, who were left unchecked to pursue their own course. If they had been demons let loose from the pit they could not have pursued with more fury the work of desolation. Most of the houses having roofs of combustible material were easily burnt down, but there were several flat-roofed houses, with thick beams and stones laid over them, which were not so easily destroyed. In some cases resolute and too successful efforts were made to destroy even these; but the toil was found too great, and a very few houses escaped with the destruction of the furniture and fittings of every description. Among these were the Station church, and the principal chapel of the American Mission. It was quite melancholy to walk over the place and see house after house in ruin, with nothing to be seen but pieces of charred wood

and tottering walls, and then to remember how many who occupied those houses had been ruthlessly slain! * * * * *

'The Native Christians live at two different parts of Allahabad, separated at about three miles from each other, with a view to the convenience of their respective employments. I got a tent erected at one of these places, and I visited the other place as frequently as possible. I received a cordial welcome from the Native Christians. I had much and most pleasing intercourse with them, and had most interesting accounts of their sufferings and perils. Some of their children had died from exposure, and some of the orphan girls had been lost. No one knew what had become of them. Considering the circumstances in which they had been placed, the wonder was that the Native Christian community had not been utterly destroyed.

* * * * * *

'On Sabbath I preached at the two places where the Native Christians are located. I have seldom had more attentive audiences. Their principal place of worship was on that day re-opened for public worship. Windows, doors, sittings, everything breakable had been destroyed at the time of the mutiny. When the Native Christians returned, they thought it preferable to meet for a time in one of their own houses for worship. When I was there it was resolved to recommence the services in this chapel. No window or door had been restored, no sittings

had been put in, but the place was well cleaned; matting was spread on the floor, and the people sat on it. I need not say I preached in this sanctuary with very peculiar feelings. The people evidently felt much, as the re-occupancy of their place of worship, looking now so differently from what it had done, vividly reminded them of the scenes through which they had passed since they last assembled in it in May, 1857.'

One of these sufferers in Allahabad is again brought before us by Mr. Kennedy, who thus describes his appearance in the congregation he met in that city:—

'One man sat before me listening most devoutly to God's word—a Native Christian from Futtehpore, in whose narrative I had been deeply interested, and from whom I could scarcely withdraw my eye as I spoke. He had suffered much for the name of Christ. He had fled with others when the mutineers got the upper hand. He fell in with some Sepoys who had seen him at Futtehpore, and who recognised him as a Christian. They called on him to deny Christ, and made large promises, but he said he would rather die than deny his Lord and Saviour. They, on hearing this, hacked him in the most cruel manner with their swords, and left him as dead. He lay insensible for several hours, and then coming to himself, he crawled to a small village in the neighborhood, where there were low-caste Hindoos, who pitied him and treated him with the utmost kindness.

His hand had been so cut a little above the wrist that it required only a slight pull to take it off. By the advice of the poor people among whom he had gone, the stump was put into oil, which checked the violent hæmorrage. He was concealed, tended, and fed for some weeks, till he was able to make his way to Allahabad. All about his head, neck, and arms, there were the marks of the fearful gashes, the wounds his cruel enemies had inflicted. Owing to the want for so long a time of proper medical treatment, the stump had not entirely healed, and the health of the poor man was so affected that I do not think it likely he has many days before him on earth. He seemed to me a very simple, earnest Christian. A few years ago he was a bigoted Hindoo. It has been common to say that persecution would scatter Hindustanee Christians like chaff, but thanks to the grace of God, this is not the only case presented last year when Hindustanee Christians were found ready, not only to suffer, but to die for the sake of the Lord Jesus.' * * *

# CHAPTER VIII.

AGRA.—ANXIETY FOR TWO FLOCKS OF NATIVE CHRISTIANS.—THAKUR DAS.—INTERESTING LETTER OF AN INTELLIGENT BRAHMIN CONVERT.—DWARKANATH LAHOREE.

DURING the early period of the rebellion, when the whole of India was filled with alarm, and the native troops were breaking out into mutiny, the Christians in Agra were in a state of imminent peril. Two of the native regiments were disarmed on Sunday the 31st of May, one of which left the lines and scattered itself over the neighboring country. The one European regiment left was by no means sufficient for the defence, and the work of plunder and massacre was carried on in and around the city. The anxiety of the missionary was great for his two flocks of native Christians, one at Agra, and the other at Secundra, that they might be saved from the fury of the heathen, and especially that they might not try to purchase their lives by submitting to their conditions of safety. None of the missions experienced so much material damage as the Church Missionary Society at Agra. In a carefully drawn

up estimate of the losses sustained by the different societies at Agra, we have the following items:

| | |
|---|---|
| AGRA.—American Presbyterian Mission: Four bungalows plundered and burnt, including two schools and four English children; English church injured . . | £1,800 |
| AGRA.—Bible and Tract Society's Depôt destroyed . . . . . | £1,200 |
| AGRA.—Baptist Missionary: Two English chapels destroyed, and a bungalow . | £700 |
| AGRA.—Church Missionary Society: Two stations destroyed. At Secundra the immense press, the largest printing establishment in India, utterly destroyed; all the presses broken, types stolen, type machinery broken, lithographic presses and stones broken; stores of paper burnt; school-book store; Government book store, containing all the official publications of North-West Provinces, burnt and plundered; the press buildings greatly injured. The two boarding-schools for boys and girls burnt; two missionaries' bungalows plundered and burnt; church destroyed; large Christian village with 200 houses burnt to the ground. In the City, Stone church damaged, English college the same; three bungalows plundered and burnt; native village injured.—Total loss | £30,000 |

If to this estimate we add the losses in Chitaura, near Agra—

| | |
|---|---|
| Baptist Mission: a large Christian village, two missionaries' bungalows, chapel, and weaving factory, all plundered and burnt by the Neemuch sepoys . . . | £1,200 |

we have a total loss of £34,900, very nearly half the amount of missionary property destroyed in the whole of India.

The loss of all this valuable property is of infinitely less importance than the loss that would have been experienced if, in their day of fiery trial it should have been proved that the spiritual work men had been building with wood, hay, and stubble. The work has stood the fiery test, and the materials are found to be gold, silver, and precious stones. This statement has to be qualified by only two exceptions, and the terms in which they are referred to by one of the faithful native converts shows the light in which they regard the sin of denying Christ to save life. Here is an interesting letter sent by one of the Agra Christians to the Reverend T. C. Hoernle, soon after the first alarm in Agra:—

'The Lord, in his great mercy, has saved us all until now, but the Mussulmans are only waiting for an opportunity to cut us up. Last Sunday we had no divine service: we were anxiously waiting for Mr. F., who was to administer the Lord's Supper to us; but instead of him, news came, "No service: fly for your lives: guard and save yourselves." We then took refuge in the Press. For three days we had no work. During the day we went to our

houses, but at night we stayed with our families at the Press. Mr. Longden having procured arms for us from the magazine, we have armed ourselves, and keep a regular guard over the place. Horrible rumors sometimes quite discourage us, but our hope is in the Lord; and when we take up our Bibles, and read in them, especially in the Psalms, we find great consolation and rest for our alarmed minds. The Mussulmans tell us, the *jiliad* (religious war) is now commenced; they are gnashing their teeth at the Christians, wishing to abolish Christianity from the face of India. Some of them said, in our presence, "We shall hang your padres first, and then kill you all." But they cannot do this. The Roman emperors wished the same, and they persecuted the Christians of the first centuries very much; but they never gained their object, much less will the Mohamedans now. Christianity, being the only true religion, has its roots firm, and the enemies dare not pluck them up. Kind father, do not forget your flock before the throne of grace. Never take rest until the enemies are put to shame and confusion. Do what Moses did when the Israelites were fighing with the Amalekites, lift up your hands for us.

'Two persons who have escaped from Delhi, Rustam's son-in-law and an East Indian Christian, are now with us, but the latter only came away on the denial of his faith. Oh, unhappy man! He has saved his body, but destroyed his soul. Christ says,

"Whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I deny before my Father and the holy angels." The present trial has, if I am not mistaken, proved the faith of your flock. We are ready, if necessary, to give up our souls for our Lord. Oh, may he grant us mercy that we may live for him and die for him!'

If it is strengthening to our faith to witness such loyalty to the King Messiah among his willing subjects in India, it is, perhaps, more edifying to look at the case of two disciples coming forward in a time of peril and choosing that as the time for public profession of their discipleship. The church still enrols among her members 'those that are baptised for the dead.'

'In the midst of these present disturbances, when our prospect for the future is beset with dark clouds, it is refreshing to see a ray of light, if ever so small. Thus I had the pleasure to instruct and prepare two persons for holy baptism, a Hindoo man and a Mohamedan woman. The latter was baptised on the 12th of August. She has been acquainted with the way of salvation and Christian people for some time, and quite convinced in her mind that she can only be saved by faith in Him who came into this world to save sinners; but for some cause she had deferred to make a confession, and to receive baptism. The present calamities, however, in the country, showing the uncertainty of human life, and all the things of this world, roused her to a sense of

her duty with regard to her immortal soul, and she at once made up her mind to enter into the sheepfold of Christ ere it be too late. She appears to be quite sincere, and I trust will conduct herself worthy her calling. Her Christian name is Maria.

'The man is a young Brahmin, of about twenty-four years old. He became acquainted with Christianity a year or two ago, when at Jullandhur, in the service of a Christian officer. He had read a good deal of the New Testament before he came to me, and has now gone through a regular course of instruction in the chief truths of our holy religion. As he appeared sincere, and anxious to make a confession of his faith in Christ his Saviour, I baptised him on the 6th instant. May the Lord give him strength and grace to walk as a faithful disciple and soldier of Christ, fighting manfully under the banner of the cross against Satan, the world, and the flesh; and may, ere long, many more of his benighted countrymen imitate his example! And I confidently hope the present crisis will tend towards breaking down the bulwarks of the prince of darkness, and building up the temple of Christ.'

Is not that a high order of faith which selects the time of persecution as the period at which to swear open allegiance to Immanuel and associate with his people? This conduct is calculated to put to shame many among us, whose avowal of Christ is made only where his name is honored, but withheld as soon as affliction arises.

Agra presented a witness for the truth in one of the native preachers, Thakur Das, who was seized and carried off by the rebels, by whom he was urged to renounce the religion of Christ. He was enabled to remain faithful amidst the greatest peril, for his persecutors were about to kill him, and would have fulfilled their determination but for the defeat of the 10th of October, when Thakur Das made his escape to Agra. This good man has since had the pleasure of resuming his work, visiting the numerous villages around Chitaura, where he has been received with cordial welcome, and allowed to fulfil his sacred task without opposition.

Among the witnesses for Christ in Agra, it is gratifying to record the fidelity of an intelligent Brahmin convert, who speaks of himself as 'a poor native Christian.' He had to endure insults and annoyances from the people whose idolatries he had abandoned, and for three days he was thankful to lie concealed in a dirty hut, where a friend kept his bullocks and boosa. A letter which he wrote to his pastor, the Rev. Mr. Jackson, after these dangers had passed away, will show his attachment to the cause he had espoused. In this interesting letter he shows his sympathies with his Christian brethren, his readiness to share in their sufferings, and his love to the Divine Master, 'stronger than death.'

Dwarkanath Lahoree thus writes under date of October 22nd:—

'Since the outbreak of the 11th of May at Meerut,

to this day, the sufferings and trials of many who bear the blessed name of our Lord, whether Europeans, East Indians, or natives: whether men, women, or children: have been such as passeth all description, and would melt the heart of a stoic, and draw tears from stones. It would require more space and time than I can at present spare, a better command over the language in which I have to write, and perhaps a harder heart, were I to dwell upon particulars, and to recount in detail the horrid scenes which have been passing here. . . . Oh! how many precious lives of Christians have fallen victims to the fury of blood-thirsty villains. Neither heroes nor politicians, the philanthropic missionaries nor civilians, pious and delicate ladies nor lovely little ones—nay, not even the poor native Christians, have been spared. In short, every person known or supposed to be a Christian that had the misfortune to fall into the hands of these wicked sons of Belial, has been cruelly tortured and butchered. Dearly beloved brother Mackay, poor Walayat Aly, the missionaries at Futtehgurh and their families, are believed to have earned the crown of martyrdom. . . . Oh! your heart would no doubt break were you to observe the present wretched condition of the military and civil lines of even this station. Instead of the neat and elegant bungalows, surrounded here and there with beautiful gardens, buggies, and carriages running to and fro, and fair faces and cheerful looks all around; you will find now heaps of ashes and ruined buildings,

environed by rank vegetation, poisoning the very atmosphere with noxious exhalations, and a dreary waste where one dare not go during broad daylight without a body of armed men to protect him. The very house, under the roof of which we enjoyed so many Saturday evenings with you, in the edifying and soul-refreshing exercises of the family altar and in holy conversation, is a heap of ruins. My own self had a very narrow escape. Not being allowed by the authorities to have a shelter within the walls of the fort, I was obliged to remain out at the risk of my life, in my house at Wuzurpore, on the 5th of July, the fearful day never to be forgotten. On that date the Neemuch and other mutineers came as far as Shahgunge, about four miles from the city, with the intention of attacking us, and had a fight there with the European troops stationed here. The result of the battle was not very satisfactory. Our force was obliged to retreat to the fort, and though the mutineers, as appeared afterwards, were also obliged to retreat, yet all the bungalows were plundered and burnt, and the sovereignty of the king of Delhi proclaimed for three days in the town. Oh, what a horrible spectacle did Agra present that night! Almost the whole of the native population were in arms; about 4,000 ruffians of the worst character, that were confined in the great gaol, let loose; the budmashes, known bad characters, busy in plundering the unprotected houses of Christians; the fanatical and inhuman followers of the false prophet,

armed to the teeth, like so many hungry wild beasts, sucking the forlorn and inoffensive followers of the Lamb for their prey, and with their hideous war-cry, "Allah! allah!" breathing bloody vengeance against them and those who, moved by compassion, would dare shelter them; the mutilated remains of such Christians as fell into their hands exposed in the public streets; the bungalows blazing all round as if to make "darkness visible," or to show the triumphs of him whose chief delight, or rather heart's desire, is to see the ruin of immortal souls. In short, all the chaotic elements of "confusion worse confounded" were called together to exhibit a picture most detestable, horrifying, and agonising. I should certainly have fallen into the hands of some of these miscreants, had not one pundit, Gopal Sing, an influential Hindoo friend and neighbor of mine, protected me in his house for some time, and then helped me to conceal myself in the house of a faithful servant of his, who was formerly a chuprasse under me. I was obliged to remain three days and three nights in a dirty hut, where he used to keep a pair of bullocks and boosa. On the fourth day I succeeded in finding my way to the fort, where, through the kindness and brotherly love of the Seymours, Rowes, and Mr. Harris, I have been quite comfortable and safe up to this day. May the Lord bless these obliging friends. Of course, as a poor native Christian, not yet sufficiently anglicised, or rather civilised, by a change of dress and name, I had my share of annoyance and insults; but God

be praised for his manifold mercies, the least of which I do not deserve. How grateful should we be to the Lord of Hosts for the many signal deliverances vouchsafed, and the measure of strength given us during such times of trouble. As a loving Father, he chastises us in judgment and not in anger, and is ever ready to help us, whenever we call on him in faith, and with a humble dependence on his mercies. May it ever be our wisdom to look up to him, and not to sink under the burden of sin or trial.'

# CHAPTER IX.

CHRISTIAN SUFFERERS ALLIED TO THE MARTYRS AND CONFESSORS.—THE REV. JOHN MACKAY, BAPTIST MISSIONARY AT DELHI.—THE REV. W. H. HAYCOCK AND THE REV. H. E. COCKEY, OF CAWNPORE.—MEMORIAL CHURCH.—CAPTIVES AT LUCKNOW.—THE REV. MR. HUNTER, SCOTTISH MISSIONARY AT SEALCOTE.

THE preceding memorials have been limited to those who, in the midst of great perils, with true Christian courage, stood up in defence of the gospel, or actually suffered death because they would not deny the Saviour. There were other cases in which the servants of Christ fell during the rebellion, but without the opportunity of giving their testimony to the truth in the presence of the heathen. These instances are surrounded with so much to interest the Christian reader, that a place is assigned to them in these memorials, as the obituaries of holy men and women who were in their deaths united with the Indian Martyrs and Confessors.

Among the first who perished in the revolt at Delhi was the Rev. John Mackay, a most promising

young missionary, of whose history the following sketch is preserved by the Baptist Missionary Society, with which he was connected:—

'Mr. Mackay was born March 19th, 1825, at St. Andrew's, Fifeshire, where his parents still reside. He received his early education at Madras College, in that town; and, on leaving the college, he took the first prize in each of his classes. His parents, encouraged by the indications of high natural ability thus presented, were desirous that he should enter the ministry of the Scottish Church: but, though a student's life possessed many charms for him, the fear of imposing too heavy pecuniary responsibilities upon his friends led him to choose a more lowly occupation. Immediately after leaving school he became a stonemason, and this calling he followed for several years in his native town, laboring industriously at his task during the day, and at night as assiduously at his books. In 1846 he removed from St. Andrew's to Glasgow, and at the beginning of 1847 he left the latter place for Edinburgh. In Edinburgh he became the subject of personal religion, and was united with the church under the pastoral care of the Rev. Jonathan Watson, in that city. In the winter of 1848 he entered the University of Edinburgh, sustaining himself through the session by his earnings during the recess. In the following winter he became an *alumnus* of the University of his native town, where he was a distinguished student. In 1851, having declared his

desire to enter the Christian ministry, he was admitted to Horton College, Bradford, and here, in all his classes, he secured the first position. During his stay at this institution, his missionary spirit discovered itself. Besides being ever ready to preach the gospel, and spending his Sabbaths not thus occupied in Sabbath-school instruction, he conducted, at considerable inconvenience and expense to himself, a weekly cottage meeting in one of the most destitute parts of Bradford; and, in addition to this, he assisted the town missionaries in similar services. In the summer vacation of 1854, he made an engagement to preach for a month at Arnsby, in Leicestershire, and another to supply the church at Sabden, in Yorkshire, for a similar period. His engagement at the former place led to a second for three months, but some time before his second visit to Arnsby had terminated, he had resolved to devote himself to missionary work, and had offered his services to the committee of the Baptist Missionary Society. The committee having accepted his offer, he at once removed to London, in order to occupy the time preceding his departure for India in the study of the Bengali and Hindu languages, under the direction of the Rev. G. Small. He was publicly designated to the missionary work, together with the Revds. T. Evans and J. Sampson, in Myrtle-street Chapel, Liverpool, and he sailed from that port on board the "William Carey," March 19th, 1855, the thirtieth anniversary of his own birthday. He disembarked at Calcutta, July 15th, 1855.

Early in September he arrived at Agra, which station was, by a temporary arrangement, to be the first scene of his labors in India. After a brief stay at Agra, he was removed to Delhi, the stronghold of Mohamedanism in India, which place he reached March 27th, 1856. In this city he continued to labor until the outbreak of the Sepoy mutiny, in which, along with the widow and daughters of his venerable predecessor, Mr. Thompson, he fell a prey to the violence of the soldiery. He was murdered at Delhi, after a heroic resistance of three days in the cellar of a house, on the 14th of May, 1857.'

On the 20th of July, Dr. Kay, of Bishop's College, had to perform the painful duty of announcing to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the loss of their two missionaries in the slaughter at Cawnpore, under the treacherous Nana Sahib. The Reverend W. H. Haycock had received some intimation of the coming horrors some six months previously, from his maulavi, who had warned him that they would 'soon feel the sharpness of the Mussulman's sword.' Mr. Haycock was born in Calcutta, in 1823, of East Indian parents, and, consequently, at the time of his death was only thirty-four years of age. He was first employed as printer at Bishop's College press, and afterwards at the Secundra press of the Church Missionary Society, at Agra. In 1853 he joined the mission at Cawnpore as catechist, and was ordained in 1854. He was spared the horrors of the massacre that ensued, as it is now

believed that he was shot while entering the entrenchment. In more distressing scenes his brother missionary, the Rev. H. E. Cockey finished his course. He was born at Futtehgurh, about 1822, and after studying for three years at Bishop's College, was appointed catechist in the Hindustani mission in Calcutta in 1851. He went to Cawnpore in 1855, was ordained at Agra by the bishop of Madras in 1856. He is the 'padre' in the terrible scene so faithfully depicted by the hand of a native eye-witness of the massacre at Cawnpore, who tells us that 'just as the Sepoys were going to fire, the padre (chaplain) called out to the Nana and requested leave to read prayers before they died. The Nana granted it. The padre's bonds were unloosed so far as to enable him to take a small book out of his pocket, from which he read; but all this time one of the Sahib people, who was shot in the arm and in the leg, kept crying out to the Sepoys, 'If you mean to kill us, why don't you see about it quickly and get the work done—why delay? After the padre had read a few prayers he shut the book, and the Sahib people shook hands all round. Then the Sepoys fired. One Sahib rolled one way, one another, as they sat; but they were not dead, only wounded; so they went in and finished them off with swords.'

Although Cawnpore has acquired a fearful celebrity in the Indian tragedy, having been the scene of the slaughter of nearly a thousand sufferers, it

could not, from the manner in which this cruelty was exercised, acquire equal distinction as the field of martyrdom. The victims were not tested as to their faith, and promised life as the reward of apostasy; they were murdered because they were natives of England, or the voluntary subjects of British rule. There were found in the den in which they were slaughtered fragments of the sacred Scriptures and pious books, which encourage the belief that many of them, in the anticipation of their dreadful doom, sought support and consolation from the true and unfailing source, 'the fountain of living waters.' But it was not permitted to them to take their place in the honored ranks of those who died or were willing to die, for the defence of the gospel. How many of them have died in the Lord, having previously furnished proof that they were the true followers of Christ, or having, in the apprehension of destruction, sought for the salvation of the soul, we have not the means of telling. We know only that, 'as the tree falleth, so it lieth,' and let us remember the wise although not inspired saying, 'as it leans so it falls.'

A committee has been formed for the purpose of erecting a memorial church at Cawnpore, and it may be well here to insert an account of the progress already (July, 1858) made with a view to this work:—

'The committee for the erection of a memorial church at Cawnpore are now in a position to make a

more definite statement of their intentions and prospects. Their original wish, which they believe was generally shared by their countrymen, was to erect the building over the very grave of the Cawnpore sufferers. The fact, however, of the well being situated within the cantonments, and its distance (three miles) from the Mission station, rendered the adoption of this site impracticable on military, and most undesirable on missionary grounds. It was therefore determined to erect, with the permission of the Governor-General, a simple memorial on the fatal spot, and to build the church itself in connection with the mission buildings already existing near the native town. In the former design they have been in some measure forestalled by the piety of the soldiers of the 32nd Regiment, who have raised a cross near the well, and by the exertions of the resident chaplain, who has already taken steps for the erection of a monument on the precise spot. With him the committee have placed themselves in communication, and they are prepared to aid him in the work he has taken in hand.

'While, however, it will be one of the first objects of the committee to see that a suitable and lasting monument marks the grave of those who so miserably perished, their chief care, looking forward rather than backward, will be to lay the foundation of a church, material and spiritual, which they humbly trust may be the seed-plot of an abundant harvest in years to come.

'Though the size of the church required on the re-establishment of the Mission (which the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel has determined to re-organise at once) will be but small, yet the monumental character of the building will necessitate its being of a durable and of a good architectural character, and the expense can hardly be estimated at less than £5,000.

'Should any surplus accrue beyond the building expenses, it is purposed to devote it to a repair fund, and to the endowment of the Mission, or the schools connected with it.

'The committee (many of whom are themselves personally interested) will be glad to further the views of those who, having lost friends at Cawnpore or elsewhere in India, may wish to raise special monuments which may be connected with the architecture of the church; and they request that communications on this head may be made as early as possible to the secretaries.

'The committee are anxious that their appeal should not interfere with the wider field of the "India Missions' Extension" Fund. It is many, rather than large, contributions that they ask; and they confidently trust that the deep interest so lately taken in the locality of the proposed church yet remains sufficiently strong in the hearts of their countrymen to insure that the commencement of the work may be coincident with the restoration of tranquillity in India.'

During the siege of Lucknow, two of our countrywomen experienced in a remarkable manner the power of the Divine word to yield support to those who are enabled to lean on its promises in the hour of trial. The interesting narrative may already have met the eye of the reader, but it is too closely related to our subject not to find a place in these pages. If the ladies of whom we have to speak were not called upon, like the Indian Martyrs and Confessors, to witness for Christ in the presence of their heathen persecutors, they have given to the whole world their testimony to the power of the 'exceeding great and precious promises' to raise the believing heart above the fear of 'man that shall die, and the son of man that shall be made as grass.'

At the meeting of one of our large religious societies the Earl of Shaftesbury said, that—

'The circulation of the Scriptures in the gross is a prodigious work; but no one can tell what a powerful effect it may produce on a single mind in the hour of necessity and indirectly on all around. A very striking story, tending to illustrate this, was communicated to me late last night, and, with your permission, I will bring it before you, because I consider it very suitable to the occasion on which we are met. This story comes from one of "Our Own Correspondents," and it is deeply interesting in connection with the recent events at Lucknow, and with the late crisis. It is so well told that I shall, with

your permission, give it to you in the words of the writer; it is impossible for me to improve it. I have no hesitation in reading the names, because they will by-and-bye appear in one of the public papers, and I am sure that the parties spoken of, so far from desiring concealment, will be most happy to know that indirectly they have borne testimony publicly at this meeting to the comfort and blessing which was conferred upon themselves through the diffusion of the Scriptures:—

'"I was introduced to Mrs. Orr and Miss Jackson, of whose preservation I wrote you an account in a former letter. They are comfortably lodged in a house near Banks's bungalow; but they evince in countenance and a painful air of suffering the effects of their long captivity. Their lives were spared, indeed, but they were watched night and day by armed guards, who did not hesitate to use gross and insulting language towards them, and whose constant delight it was to tell them of the outrages and massacres which were taking place all over India during the time of our troubles. Their lives were preserved by the fidelity of the Darogah, or by his desire to secure his personal safety in case the British became masters of the city. Day after day, before they were concealed in his house, they lived in expectation of death. In the midst of their captivity there was one source of consolation shut to them. They had neither Bible nor Prayer-book, and they felt the want exceedingly, but they could

not remedy it, for any attempt to procure a religious book would not only have been unsuccessful, but would have increased the severities of their gaolers. Meantime, a little child, a Miss Christian, fell sick, and for several days they in vain sought assistance for her. At length, in a mood of contemptuous pity, the natives obtained the service of a native doctor for the dying child, and this man sent some vile potion or other wrapped up in a piece of paper torn from the first book he could lay his hands on, being the Bible that had been taken from them. For a moment or two the printing on this fragment escaped attention, but as Mrs. Orr, now drawing it from her bosom, placed it before us with an air of gratitude and reverence, I could well understand how it was that the words thus conveyed to them seemed to them promises from heaven, and bade them hope, and fear no more. Of the fragment thus conveyed to our countrywomen I have procured an exact transcript, which I send herewith. It may be imagined how these words of comfort and assurance lighted up the prison—a handwriting on the wall in characters of fire, to illuminate the gloom of their dungeon:—

'"I, even I, am He that comforteth you. Who art thou that thou shouldst be afraid of a man that shall die, and of the son of man that shall be made as grass?

'"And forgettest the Lord thy Maker, that had stretched forth the heavens and laid the foundation

of the earth; *and had feared* continually *every day, because of* the fury of the oppressor.

'"The captive exile hasteneth that he may be loosed, and that he should not die in the pit.'

'These words were accepted by our fellow-countrywomen as promises from heaven, and from that time they hoped on till they were rescued from the midst of the enemy.'

It is related of one of these ladies, Mrs. Orr, that during the siege she experienced a most remarkable proof of the providential care in which she trusted. She was sitting on a chair outside her door, and was in the act of leaning forward to pick up something for her child, when a round shot came in and broke the chair she was sitting on without touching her.

Sealcote, in the Punjaub, has gained for itself a dreadful notoriety, like Pergamos in the Lesser Asia, 'wherein,' the Saviour says, 'Antipas my faithful martyr was slain among you, where Satan dwelleth.' The Church of Scotland thus laments the fall of the Rev. R. Hunter, who, with his wife and child, perished under the hands of the assassins. The brief missionary course of Mr. Hunter is thus described by his friends:—

'Although met at the outset by "numerous difficulties and discouragements," these were not by any means formidable, and on the 28th of February Mr. Hunter wrote in cheering terms of the prospects of the Mission. In his next letter to the

committee, dated June 9th, he said, "Two months ago the country seemed profoundly tranquil, and bright schemes for the future were formed, not only by statesmen, but also by missionaries. . . . How these are doomed to disappointment is now apparent." He adds, "I forbear laying before you our positive danger—about fifty Europeans to defend us against more than twelve hundred Sepoys. We have not followed the example of almost every one, and taken refuge in the fort of Lahore." No future communication from Mr. Hunter ever reached the committee, but from an interesting paper drawn up by his brother, who had also been a missionary in India, it appears that he wrote again on the 12th of June, that then only eight ladies remained at Sealcote, but that still Mrs. Hunter held out, not believing that they ought to go. When an assault on Delhi could not be attempted from the limited number of the troops, and reinforcements were consequently sought from the Punjaub, "it was felt," as the narrative records, "that they could not be granted unless most of the remaining Sepoy regiments throughout the province were first disarmed." The native troops at Jhelum resisted; and when, having been overcome, they were forced to flee, many of them rushed to Sealcote, "bent on exciting a mutiny there." "When Mr. Hunter heard of the sanguinary contest at Jhelum, he felt at last that it was his duty to seek a place of safety, and abandoning the mission-house

on the 8th of July, went with his family to a bungalow some distance from the cantonment on the road to the fort of Lahore, where, unhappily, he was persuaded to stay till morning. At midnight things looked threatening, and Mr. Hunter resolved to go, and again departed from the resolution. Once again he thought of instant flight, but once more he lingered. Before daybreak of the 9th the mutiny had begun. When the Hunters heard the firing, they had their carriage made ready, and fled away from the doomed station, till meeting, it is believed, Sepoy guards who had been posted by the mutineers to intercept and murder all the fugitives, they were compelled to return and make for the fort of Sealcote. As they were passing the gaol, around which many of the mutinous cavalry were congregated with the view of releasing the prisoners, Mr. Hunter was suddenly shot dead, a pistol having been held so close to his head as to scorch his face with the powder. The same ball passed through the neck of Mrs. Hunter, and wounded her, though it is believed not mortally. On this a Mussulman gaol-keeper rushed on her with a sword or bayonet, and killed both her and the child. The three bodies were found next day about a mile from the fort, the corpse of Mrs. Hunter still holding with a death grasp the murdered baby." Doubtless they died in the faith and hope of being for ever with the Lord.

'Thus were these devoted missionaries struck

down little more than five months after they had reached the scene of their labors, and long before sufficient time had been given to reap any decided fruits of their anxieties and toils in the Punjaub. It is unnecessary to repeat here the ample testimony that has been borne to the singular zeal and devotedness of both Mr. and Mrs. Hunter. These qualities had been shown at home from an early period of life, and they were conspicuously displayed during their residence at Bombay. They won the respect and affection of all to whom they had become known. American, and other missionaries, held them in the highest estimation. Every letter received from Mr. Hunter breathed a spirit of fervent piety and zeal, and in all his efforts he was sustained and encouraged by his beloved partner.

'Your committee desire to regard this sad calamity in the spirit of humble submission to the will of the Most High; and while deeply lamenting the early termination of this first effort to establish a mission in the Punjaub, they are thankful that your missionary was able to sustain to the last his Christian fortitude, and that he has thus left an example of resolute determination which only confidence in his God could have supplied. "He being dead yet speaketh"—summoning kindred spirits to engage in the same exalted enterprise, and animating to as unselfish a dedication of life to the service of the Lord. With how deep an interest will the next missionary to the Punjaub endeavor to discover any traces that

may still linger of the impressions produced by these devoted laborers during their residence at Sealcote! and how sadly will he repair to that spot at which, utterly helpless and unprotected, they were shot down and mangled by their infuriated assailants.

# CHAPTER X.

THESE HISTORIES APPEAL TO THE OPPONENTS OF CHRISTIANITY AND CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.—ARE WE PREPARED FOR THE FIERY TRIAL?—ARE WE ALSO WITNESSES TO THE POWER OF THE GOSPEL?—DUTY OF CHRISTIAN CITIZENS IN RELATION TO INDIA.

THE facts adduced in the preceding pages should receive the attention of those who deny the truth of Christianity, or are insensible of its value. Their 'philosophy,' falsely so called, rejects the claims of the gospel. Will it assist them to account for the effects produced on the character of its recipients? Men who affect philosophy should acknowledge the claims of the phenomena presented in these remarkable histories, and inform us by what process they conclude that the doctrines which have produced them are mere human inventions. A good man, nobly bearing up under adversity, and maintaining his fight with indomitable courage, has long since been described by a heathen writer as one of the noblest spectacles on which the gods can look down. If our proud sceptics will look at the conduct

of Walayat Ali and Fatima, of Joseph the catechist, of Daoud the native pastor, of Abraham and Sarah of Amritsar, and of Gopenath Nundy, they will view spectacles which ought to command their admiration. Will they ask us to believe that the creed which led to these displays of the highest courage was a cunningly devised fable? Persons who profess to obey the claims of enlightened reason ought to recognise the close relation of cause and effect, and should be able to demonstrate that the effects we have recorded may be traced to causes different from those we have assigned. Will our enlightened sceptics assert that a false history composed eighteen hundred years ago, and an erroneous theology based on that false history, and a scheme of morals based on that erroneous theology, have produced noble specimens of moral heroism worthy to class with the great and good of past ages? Truly, the old fable which yet rules over believing hearts, unaided by human force, deserves to be carefully read and reperused; and the creed that turns a slave into a noble-hearted freeman, is worth a careful analysis; for 'Men do not gather grapes of thorns nor figs from thistles.'

We are sometimes told that society has reached the enlightened age in which it will repudiate the Old World notions by which our forefathers were governed, and that, with a giant's strength, it will burst these antiquated fetters. Will those 'advanced minds' just look at the fact that the notions which

some poor Galilean fishermen published eighteen centuries ago have a power in our day as great as when they were first uttered, and are producing effects which can be derived from no other source? If our enlightened men—too enlightened to believe the Bible and submit to the teaching of Jesus—could only produce the same moral results by their crude speculations, they would be loud enough in their triumphs. But where are the conquests over the moral cowardice, over the fear of man, and the fear of death, achieved by the teachers who ignore the gospel revelation? These triumphs are seen nowhere at home; we read of them nowhere abroad. The second Adam is the only 'quickening spirit' whose truth diffused through the mind, and whose love, shed abroad in the heart of our fallen humanity, will revive its energies and raise it to more than its pristine dignity. Well might Chateaubriand affirm that there is no hope for France but in Christianity. There is no hope for the world but in Christianity; but it is not Christianity overlaid with the superstition of twelve hundred years, and brought down to the degraded level of heathen ritualism and idolatry; nor Christianity robbed of its leading truth, the Atonement of the Divine Mediator—for in these forms it has failed to raise the myriads of India from their moral degradation — but Christianity as proclaimed by evangelical missionaries, proclaiming the 'one faith, one Lord, one baptism, the one God and Father of all.' These are the men

who have gone forth bearing precious seed, and who have already gathered the first-fruits of a glorious harvest. What credulity is so great as that which attributes all these noble results to 'a cunningly-devised fable!'

As we read of these additions to the noble army of Martyrs and Confessors, we are, it may be, led to inquire whether we should be stedfast if we had to pass through similar scenes of trial? If we had to perish amidst the most cruel tortures our enemies could invent, or deny the Lord Jesus Christ, should we follow the miserable example of some of our own countrymen? Should we repeat the Mohamedan creed, the kulma, or do pooga before a miserable idol? or should we say, with Walayat Ali, 'I am resolved to live and die a Christian'? These are questions which it would be well for us to ask ourselves with all earnestness, although it would be scarcely possible that we could give to them a true reply. Our present feeling will furnish no infallible test of our future fidelity. Those who are now apprehensive of failure in the trying hour might realise the promise, 'As thy day, so shall thy strength be;' and some who are ready, with the too-confident Peter, to say, 'Though all men should forsake thee, yet will not I,' may, in the time of trial, deny that they ever knew the Saviour. Some of our English martyrs, who were most timid and apprehensive in the prospect of the fiery trial, found themselves endowed with the utmost courage when the execu-

tioners went to lead them to the stake ; while others, who spake too confidently of their anticipated triumphs, were near falling away through the bitter pains of the martyr's death.

It were better that we should ask whether we are now faithful to Christ in doing whatsoever our hand findeth to do. If we are faithful in the post in which we are placed, whether lowly or exalted; if we are occupying with the one or the ten talents; if we have discovered the special work for which the gifts of nature and grace have fitted us; if we are faithfully following our 'own line of things'; we need not apprehend that we should be left without power to fulfil the duties or endure the sufferings that might await us in the future. It is the same divine principle that urges the Christian forward in his daily pilgrimage along his upward path to heaven, that sustains the laborious missionary in his studies, his preachings, and his disputations with the heathen; that strengthens the spirit of the pious youth when he is ridiculed and taunted by his ungodly fellow-servants in the warehouse, that comforts the Christian widow in her poverty, and gives triumph to 'the blessed martyr' at the stake. Can we endure that degree of annoyance, or privation, or contempt, and resistance that may be incident to a Christian profession in the circumstances in which we are now placed? Or do we lay aside our Christian profession in the railway carriage, in the mixed company, in the haunts of commerce, to resume it only among

those we know to be pious and devoted to Christ? These are questions worth the asking, for they admit of a correct reply. If we are not faithful in that which is least, how shall we be in that which is greatest? If we have not strength enough to carry a little cross, how shall we be able to bear the heavy load that has weighed many to the ground? Many who, when in England, called themselves Christians, denied the faith as soon as they found it involve them in affliction; and we, like them, should lapse in the trying hour if we do not now openly and everywhere, humbly, not ostentatiously, take our place on the Lord's side.

'Array thee from God's armory of light,
In which Christ's feeblest soldier stands secure;
Or rather his eternal arm invoke,
To endue thee with that panoply of grace
By which they vanquished: midst thy fears and sloth,
Alas! still incomplete nor well "put on."'

We ought not to read these narratives without being stimulated to the performance of the duties of which they are calculated to remind us.

When we see the Hindoos and Mohamedans falling at the feet of the Messiah, and presenting to him their bodies as a living sacrifice, ought we not the more carefully to inquire whether we are also his disciples? The word of God has gone out from us to India; have we participated in its blessings, and experienced its power to illuminate the understanding and convert the heart? We have seen faithful

missionaries proclaiming the Great Prophet like unto Moses, to the Mussulmans, and not in vain; for they have put aside the kulma, and instead of crying, 'There is one God, and Mohamed is his prophet,' they have acknowledged Christ to the glory of the Father. We have seen the Hindoo turn away from his idols, and draw nigh to the true God, in the true and living way, having his heart sprinkled by the blood of Christ, and purified in the laver of regeneration. Have I also bowed at the pierced feet of Jesus? Have I addressed him as Thomas, 'My Lord, and my God?' Have I yielded to the great command, 'that all men should honor the Son, even as they honor the Father?' Have I recognized the authority that says, in reference to the Messiah, 'Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way: when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in him?' These are questions with which each of us should catechise himself with the utmost sincerity, lest our unbelief, contrasted with the faith of the new converts, to whom we are sending the gospel, should furnish an affecting comment on the faithful warning of Christ to the Jews, 'Many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven. But the children of the kingdom shall be cast out into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.'

You are perhaps convinced by the facts presented

to you, that the Scriptures and the preaching of the gospel have produced in India effects which have never been produced in you amidst all your religious privileges, and you may suspect that the cause of failure is to be found in yourself; and it will be well if this suspicion leads you to the discovery that you have to blame yourself for your own unbelief. The converts in India who honored the Lord Jesus in their lives and by their heroic deaths, have given to his gospel an amount of earnest attention which it has never received from you. They have contrasted its sublime truths with the absurdities of their superstition; they have seen the difference between its holy commandments and the vile practices allowed and enjoined in their religion; they have rejoiced in the message of mercy, of which they felt their great need; they have been overwhelmed with the display of infinite mercy; they have perceived in the divine arrangements announced to them the blessing adapted to the wants of their moral nature; they have rejoiced to hear that there is a Holy Ghost, that he is given because Christ is glorified; and with all earnestness they have sought, and with all joy they have received, the great salvation. With you Christianity, with all its teachings and privileges, has been a thing of course, and has awakened no more serious attention than the sublime scenery that has surrounded the Alpine peasant from the moment of his birth, but to the sense of whose beauties his mind has never wakened up. The beautiful in form and

color exists around us in vain, until the love of the beautiful is enkindled within; and the true is proclaimed to us and read by us in vain, if there be no corresponding love of the truth in the heart. Divine truths will not fail to affect the heart they shine upon, as the polished mirror will reflect the forms and colors before which it is placed. You still have the mirror of your heart veiled, it may be, with worldly indifference to the gospel, with unbelief or formality; but let the veil be drawn aside, and your heart turned to the truth, and your soul will reflect as from a glass the glory of the Lord.

As the attention of our people and Government is at present and must for some time be occupied with the question of religious education in India, there is an obvious necessity for adducing leading facts, and endeavoring to assist in the formation of an intelligent public opinion on this pressing and important subject. We have reached a period when a well-formed judgment on great questions of governmental policy cannot be legitimately expressed and reiterated in vain. We have nearly outlived the doctrine that those whose opinion is calculated to shed a good influence on the policy of our rulers should restrain its expression, and leave the great business of ruling the nation to others whose views are least in harmony with the omnipotent Governor; and it cannot be doubted that the intelligent and benevolent mind of England will find considerable occupation in defining the moral claims of India on

the country which retains the sceptre of rule after a struggle of unparalleled severity.

The time has arrived when we must demand the reversal of that atheistical policy which has ruled in the Government schools in India. It has been said, with the utmost truth, that in those schools a system has been established which was never adopted by any other country. We have been at pains to ignore the religion we profess by formally excluding its sacred books, while we have sedulously promoted the study of Hindoo and Mohamedan writings. In these Government schools we have taught enough of true science to demonstrate to the Hindoo the absurdity of the theories contained in his sacred writings, but have not ventured to give him the only substitute for the faith we have effectually undermined. Our unfaithful conduct has filled the natives with surprise, and elicited their censure instead of the approval we were solicitous to obtain. A very intelligent Hindoo, who has recently published the thoughts of a native of Northern India on the rebellion, says, 'It is absurd to think that the English are hated on account of their religion. It is not religion but the want of it that has brought so much evil to this country. The people know that the Government is a Christian one. Let us act openly as true Christians; the people will never feel themselves disappointed, they will only admire it.' He makes an appeal to which we ought at once to respond, when he says, 'Education must be carried on upon a

sounder principle, and religion must be fostered. Don't turn India from idolatry to atheism.'

To the jealous care with which we have watched over the false religions of India, and guarded against the introduction of our own sacred books into the Government schools, we may attribute, in a great measure, the heavy calamities that have fallen on our English fellow-subjects in India. We have done enough to set the Hindoo mind free from the restraints imposed by its native superstitions, but have carefully abstained from the inculcation of the truths and the morals of Christianity. We have a dreadful specimen of the fruits of our atheistical policy in the Maharajah of Bithoor, Nana Sahib, the deceiver and murderer of Englishmen and Englishwomen, the murderer of missionaries, their wives and children, who has been justly described as 'an educated East Indian gentleman, of pleasing manners and address, who in the Government schools and colleges had access to English literature, but no opportunity of instruction in the truths of Christianity, and who, beneath a polished exterior, retaining a savage nature, has shown us what we may expect as the result of cultivating the intellect while we neglect the heart.'

A slight concession in favor of the Sacred Scriptures was made in 1835, when, under the government of Lord William Bentinck, it was resolved that the Bible, though not admitted as part of the course, should be allowed a place in the library in common

with Hindoo and Mohamedan books. The time has arrived when the sacred volume must be taken down from the shelf, and viewed in contrast with its rivals; as it may, without any apprehension that its divine light will fail to furnish the best substitute for the false teachings of the Vedas and Puranas.

It is our duty to demand of the Government the introduction of the Sacred Scriptures for a definite portion of each day, attendance at such time being optional with the pupils. Whether this concession will include all the positive action we ought to ask from the British Government, is a point admitting much diversity of opinion; but no such diversity exists among Christian men as to the justice of such a demand. Perhaps there is no one in England who is better entitled to a hearing on this important question than the late Commissioner at Benares, Mr. Henry Carre Tucker, who was present during the revolt, and acted a noble part in Benares, whence he had just returned, after twenty-five years of official residence in India. This gentleman, besides faithfully discharging his official duties, has devoted his energies to the highest interests of the millions among whom he exercised authority, and by whom he was much esteemed as one of their greatest benefactors. He states his deliberate conviction that if the Bible were admitted into all the Government schools, but its study limited to the hour or half hour previous to the general meeting of the school, and no boys admitted whose parents objected to

their attendance, there is no reason to anticipate any objection from either Hindoos or Mohamedans, while half an hour so spent would give quite a different tone and character to our schools, and save us from the charge of irreligion to which we are at present subject. This proposal, so just and moderate, will be sustained in this country by every one who is anxious for the real welfare of the myriads of India, and who acknowledges that we hold that country from the Great Ruler of nations for higher purposes than to secure revenue, and to advance the honor of the British name.

The principal argument adduced in favor of withholding the Sacred Scriptures from the Government schools in India is one which its authors are obliged to abandon, and it may be hoped that no Government, present or future, will feel the least obligation to retain it. The traditional policy that, under the pretence of impartiality, ignores Christianity, must not be regarded as a legacy which her Majesty's Government is bound to accept; it is certainly a policy which we must reject, in proportion as we honor the divine religion we profess. It will be found in reference to governments as well as individuals, and in India as well as any other country, that 'honesty is the best policy.'

There are many facts to prove that the people of India, instead of respecting the policy which has deprived them of the advantage of reading the Bible in the Government schools, have regretted the pri-

vation to which they have been subjected, and have entertained feelings of suspicion and contempt for the authors of this disgraceful policy.

The writer of the 'Indian Crisis,' informs us that 'a native gentleman, grateful for recovery from a serious illness, and influenced by the saying of a native teacher, that "Jesus Christ was the true one, and came out of God," founded and endowed a college at Benares, which bears his own name—Rajah Jaynarain—and which he gave over to the Church Missionary Society. Yet, after a long struggle against convictions of the truth of Christianity, he at last said, "Had the Christian religion been true, the Company Bahadur, which had in other respects benefited his country, would not have withheld from at least commending this religion to their notice."' We have really cause for the deepest national humiliation and repentance in dust and ashes, when we observe the moral cowardice with which both parts of the late double Government have betrayed the interests of Christian truth, from the dread of exciting the opposition of the Mohamedan and the Hindoo.

It is known that wherever the three kinds of schools exist side by side, the Native, the Government, and the Christian, that public feeling is invariably in favor of the Christian schools. In the institutions of Dr. Duff and Mr. Anderson, even when opposition has been raised in consequence of the conversion of the scholars, and they have been

removed, they have returned, after a time, in their former numbers.

The case of Ceylon is remarkably apposite, as teaching a lesson which our Government ought carefully to study. Some of the Brahmins having set up a school in opposition to the missionaries, finding it unsuccessful, resorted to the introduction of the Bible, as the necessary condition of success. We have also the following remarkable statement respecting this island by Dr. Kissen, of Paris. Respecting Ceylon, he says, 'The reading and explanation of the Scriptures occupy the first hour of the day in every Government school. This is the law never departed from, but the attendance is entirely optional. And yet so mildly but firmly is the law enforced, that during the entire period of my connexion with these schools, extending over sixteen and a half years—whether as principal of the three highest establishments, or as superintendent, or as member of various sub-committees—not more than three cases have occurred in which parents have objected to the attendance of their children during that first hour. I left in my own establishment, ten months ago, not only children in every form of Christian faith, but Hindoos, Buddhists, Mohamedans, and Parsees, all heartily reading the Word of God, receiving the explanation, and kneeling in prayer to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.' Well may Dr. Kissen add, that in Ceylon the question of religious instruction in public schools is practically solved.

Public attention should be given to the experience of Mr. Henry Carre Tucker, who, under the sanction of the Lieutenant-Governor, established a normal training school in Benares, in which the New Testament was willingly read by the young men. This gentleman selected about a hundred intelligent young teachers in his division, which contained a population of ten millions, and some other fifty or sixty intelligent young men of good family, who wished to qualify themselves to be teachers, and for the public service generally. A large two-storied house was obtained, with good grounds around, and two Christian teachers were selected, under whose care all these young men were for six months favored with some final instructions, through the medium of their own vernacular, in morals, history, geography, map and plan drawing, surveying, and all such useful practical information. Mr. Tucker placed in their hands not only the New Testament, but his own vernacular abridgment of the Old Testament, with the request that they might be both studied as the foundation of all true religion and morality. Only three or four Mohamedans objected, but even they, after a few weeks, came round and read with the rest. The Scriptures were regularly read daily, and on Sundays were carefully taught. So diligent were these young men in the study of the Scriptures, that thirty-four of them came forward to compete with all the best pupils of the Mission schools throughout the division, in Bible knowledge.

We deprecate all attempts on the part of the Government to employ its power either to prop up the falling systems of false religion, or to offer any kind of bribe to adopt the true. It is unworthy of ourselves, as a people having the light of Christianity, to tell the people of India that we are utterly unconcerned about the religion we profess, and to assume an indifference for which they will not give us credit. These professions are regarded as insincere, and generate suspicion where we wish to inspire confidence; whereas, we should gain confidence and respect if we said, the British nation honors Christianity as divine, and would like to see it spread and triumph in India, but, at the same time, does not seek its advancement by giving superior advantages to those who embrace it, or by imposing disabilities on those who do not.

There is no need to apprehend any dissatisfaction on the part of the natives from such a sound and impartial policy. The people have never rejected any fair and open attempts to impart to them the superior light we possess. They have resented every supposed attempt to *force* Christianity upon them, and the mutiny is traceable, in some measure, to the delusion that we wished to Christianise them by craft; but they are, and have always been, willing to receive Christian books, and to read our Sacred Scriptures. The observation made by Professor H. H. Wilson, in reference to the motives of the Sepoys in the Vellore mutiny, are properly adduced

as being applicable to the introduction of the Bible into their schools: 'It is a great error to suppose that the people of India are so sensitive upon the subject of their religion, either Hindoo or Mohamedan, as to suffer no approach to controversy, or to encounter adverse opinions with no other arguments than insurrection and murder. It was not conversion that the troops dreaded, it was compulsion; it was not reasoning, or the persuasion of the missionary which they feared, but the arbitrary interposition of authority.'

'Perfect neutrality' and 'ancient traditional policy,' if properly understood, will be found to embrace ideas diametrically opposed to all sense of moral responsibility, and obstructive to social progress. If 'perfect neutrality' consisted in allowing truth and error to contend in equal circumstances, without employing the resources of Government to determine the victory on either side; if it would allow the book we regard as the Word of God to be read and taught wherever the same right was conceded to the Hindoo and Moslem Scriptures; if it would allow Christian teachers to preach wherever they could find congregations willing to hear, and secure for them as much protection as is accorded to the heathen priests while performing their superstitious rites; if it would leave all creeds to stand or fall as they were deemed true or false by the people among whom their claims were freely discussed, giving no bribe in favor, and inflicting no penalty for the discouragement of any

creed, we believe that 'perfect neutrality' would satisfy the reasonable demands of the British public.

'Perfect neutrality' however, has no such meaning. It is anything but impartial fairness towards Christianity and its ministers, and the false religions of India and those who maintain them. If interpreted by the words and deeds of its advocates, 'perfect neutrality' is an effort to convince the idolaters and Moslems of India that the English Government has taken their religions under its royal patronage, and intends to prove their zealous conservator, and that, in fulfilment of the duties with which it is charged, it will strive to defend the native religions of India against all aggressive movements on the part of the native religion of England. 'Perfect neutrality' will contribute to the pecuniary support of the idol and his car, the worshipping Brahmin, the musician, the painter, the rice-boiler in preparing food for the gods, the watchmen, 'the poor dancing women,' and the Morlees, the women espoused to idols, who lead a life of consecrated infamy within or near the temples. But 'perfect neutrality' sees 'great danger to the peace of the empire' by exciting the apprehension that the Government desires, through education, to convert the people. 'Perfect neutrality' is a thing of exquisite sensibility. If left to itself and not rudely overborne by common humanity and the public voice of England, it would never have allowed any interference with theological opinions in favor

of infanticide, of leaving old people to die on the banks of the sacred Ganges, of the burning of widows, or any of the cruel and polluted practices of Hinduism.

It may suit the latitudinarian views of a few statesmen to treat the religion of Jesus Christ as if it were hostile to the interests of Government, and the foe to tranquillity, and therefore a thing to be kept out of sight and ignored; but such a policy must be condemned by the people of Great Britain. We all condemn the notion that it is in the power of Government to compel a people by bribery or by force to abandon their degrading superstition, and at the same time we as heartily condemn the timid policy that tells the people of India that we care nothing for the pure system of religious truth and duty which gives to our country its greatest glory.

The notion that we can secure tranquillity in India, by telling its people that we have a great respect for its religions, and none for our own, is condemned by the experience of the last painful year. Let it not be forgotten that those large military stations have escaped best where the governors were most zealous for Christianity. What station was more exposed than Peshawur? But it was there that the heroic Edwardes spoke, at the formation of a Christian Mission, on the obligations of a Christian Government towards Hindoo and Mohamedan subjects.

That speech deserves a wide perusal, as a noble contrast to the timid and cowardly spirit in which some of our Indian rulers have denounced the work of Christian missionaries. The gallant colonel said:

It is really painful to read the statements that are put forward so commonly in England to conceal facts; such as that there have been churches built in every large station in India (the roofless one at Peshawur, probably included), that there are a large number of chaplains and three bishops, and a prospect of as many more—as if these ecclesiastical provisions for the European soldiery and officers of Government *had the slightest thing to do with the publication of the gospel to the natives!* To say the least of it, I am not aware of one public measure by which England has stood forth as a Christian power in Hindustan. Indeed, a kind of boast has been made of our neutrality and impartiality—as if there ever could or ought to be an impartiality between good and evil, light and darkness, except to a blind man. And what has been the result? What has been the end of our aggrandizing England year by year with the empire of India, and never paying the equivalent? Why, the year 1857, which is simply an imperial bankruptcy! The Hinduism and Mohamedanism which we have been afraid to Christianize, has turned on us and struggled for the only thing we valued—political rule; and the English in India in 1858, like men after some fearful earthquake, are now standing amid the ruins of

their homes. I ask you if this is not true. And if so, what shall we say to these Americans, who, with no imperial duties lying on them, have come across the sea to help in evangelizing India? We must admit that they have been doing *our* work; that, seeing a great field of labor which we too much neglected, they (without reproaches) have stepped in, like men of metal, and ploughed and sowed and reaped it for us. In doing this, the American Missionaries have, I maintain (whatever may be said by the advocates of *neutrality*), conferred on England lasting political advantages. Look back for a moment on 1857. Where has rebellion raised its head the highest? In Bengal, where there were fewest native Christians, and in the Bengal army, whence a Christian convert was expelled as a matter of course. Where only has there been no mutiny and no rebellion? In Madras, where the native Christians are most numerous, and where they form a large section of the native army! Sir, this is a broad and undeniable fact, and it behoves us, as men of practical sense, to lay hold of it for future use. In future we know exactly how we stand in India. We may and ought to be very kind to both Hindoos and Mohamedans; we may and ought to find many friends and loyal subjects for ordinary times among Mohamedans and Hindoos; but for the hours of real trial, for the crisis of our empire, taught by experience, let us reserve our implicit confidence for the men of our own blood, and the

men of our own religion. *We can, in the last resort, rely on* NONE BUT EUROPEAN AND NATIVE CHRISTIANS.'

In Lahore, Sir John Lawrence and Mr. Robert Montgomery, instead of basely denying Christianity and trying to quiet the people by ignoring it, have taken the noble course of employing native Christians in services from which they were formerly precluded, and in those places there has been perfect tranquillity. The case of Benares may also be adduced, where the late excellent Commissioner employed his moral influence, and drew largely on his own private resources, for the advancement of what he regarded as the highest truth. In that celebrated city—the sacred city of the Hindoos—nearly all the respectable inhabitants joined in a costly memorial to the English gentleman who had so exerted himself for their welfare 'here and hereafter.' As it is perilous as well as dastardly, to allow infidelity, or indifferentism, to sway our future Indian policy, let us pray and hope that this infidel policy will everywhere receive the strongest condemnation.

The following extract from one of the valuable letters of the Rev. Dr. Duff, strikingly illustrates the value of Christian fidelity on the part of those who are entrusted with the work of government in India.

'The case of Peshawur, the remotest and most critically situated of all the Punjaub stations, is most remarkable and instructive. The Mohamedan popu-

lation of that city is singularly fanatical. The city is encompassed with hill tribes as daring as they are fanatical. The first British political Resident there, after the conquest of the Punjaub, full of antiquated anti-Christian fears, declared that so long as he lived there should not be a Christian mission beyond the Indus. Subsequently, the Resident was assassinated by a Mohamedan fanatic. His successor was the famous Major Edwardes, of Mooltan celebrity—a man who, happily, fears God, and loves the Saviour and his cause. When it was proposed to establish a mission at Peshawur, he at once fearlessly headed it, and openly declared, in substance, that the Christianization of India ought to be regarded as the ultimate end of our continued possession of it. At the outbreak of the great rebellion, nearly the whole of the native regiments (eight in number) at the station showed symptoms of disaffection and mutiny. Most of them had to be disarmed; and one of them has since been cut to pieces. In the midst of these frightful internal troubles, and surrounded on all sides with a fiercely fanatical people, what were the missionaries to do? If they were even called on by the authorities to pause for a season, no one could have been much surprised. But no; Sir John Lawrence, the Chief Commissioner, and Mr. Montgomery, the Judicial Commissioner of the Punjaub, in reference to them, in substance replied—"Let the preaching and other missionary operations

* See p. 210.

by no means be suspended." Oh, how true the saying, "Them that honor me I will honor!" 'At Peshawur, amidst almost unparallelled difficulties, the British have been able to hold their own; the Punjaub has been preserved in tranquillity; and not only so, but has been able to furnish nearly all the troops that have now so triumphantly re-captured Delhi! Are these not suggestive facts? Indeed, it is scarcely too much to say that it is the Punjaub which has mainly saved our Indian empire.

It is of the utmost importance that the religious principles of this country should be adequately represented in Parliament. Most derogatory will it be to England if her senators will sit as silent listeners while measures are discussed and carried that are antagonistic to the interests of Christianity, oppressive to the missionaries and ministers who are laboring to diffuse the light of divine truth, and intended to tie up the hands and close the lips of English gentlemen in the civil and military service. These gentlemen do not consider that they hold their commissions on the base condition that they should surrender their right, as Christians, to promote the truth they profess. Most pernicious will be the results, if men who subordinate the interests of religion to the purposes of state are allowed to carry out their infidel principles, while those who ought to stand up as champions of truth and righteousness fail to argue and remonstrate and do battle for the truth.

If it be right that the Christian people of this great nation should take a deep interest in the struggle between Christianity and the colossal forms of absurd error and debasing superstition in India, it will become their duty also to see that they are properly represented in the Legislature, that their voices may be there heard, and their influence felt. There are very few of our senators, in either house of Parliament, who can justify the atheistical policy of past times. There are a few, but their influence must be resisted. And happily the time has arrived when a wise, equitable, and Christian course of action cannot be expounded and advocated in vain. Are there no men among us who will now watch over the religious interests of India, and stand up in their support with as much devotion as was displayed in former days in behalf of the people of Africa, and the slaves in our own colonies?

Men of truth and justice, men of real patriotism, who desire that the power with which we are entrusted should be faithfully used, instead of being made subservient to a grovelling expediency, should fearlessly tell our rulers that they cannot be allowed to ignore that Highest of all Powers which has entrusted us with the government of India; that they shall not prop up the idolatries and vices which are the curse of the Indian people; that they shall not thrust aside the Bible to make way for the Shastre and the Koran; that they shall not turn a man out of the army or out of his civil post because he

has become a Christian, and has the courage to act like one. If there are not among our representatives the noble-hearted men who are prepared to give utterance to these righteous demands, the various constituencies must seek for them to replace the silent and useless men who quietly allow the most sacred interests and the true honor of their country to be betrayed. We are now mercifully brought to the close of a rebellion of unequalled enormity, and one which we must attribute principally, if not exclusively, to our own unchristian and unwise policy: it must be ours to see that no Government shall be allowed to follow the evil counsels that would expose us to another.

# CHAPTER XI.

DUTY OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH IN REFERENCE TO MISSIONARY LABORS IN INDIA. — INADEQUATE SUPPLY OF MISSIONARIES. — CHRISTIAN REVENGE. — RESOLUTIONS OF THE MISSIONARY SOCIETIES. — VERNACULAR EDUCATION ADVOCATED.

If, however, we are bound as Christian citizens to employ our influence in favor of the equitable policy that will open 'a wide and effectual door' for the teachers and preachers of the gospel in India, it must be remembered that this is but one portion of our work. We must encourage the Christian husbandman to go forth with the precious seed and sow it broadcast over the soil of India. The good work must be renewed where it has been suspended, and begun where it has hitherto been neglected. Appeals the most powerful have lately been made to us by missionaries and Christian laymen for more extended missionary operations in India, and we must regard those appeals as being powerfully sustained by the awful events of the last year.

The Rev. Joseph Mullens thus describes the in-

adequate supply of missionary labor for India a short time previous to the rebellion:—

'The present missionary force in India is utterly insufficient for the completion of the grand object in our view. New efforts, therefore, in Europe and America; new efforts in England, Scotland, and Ireland; new sacrifices, new gifts, new self-denial, alone will avail to secure the men and the money which our agency requires. It is true that missionaries in India are many in one sense. They constitute nearly one-third of the entire missionary body throughout the heathen world. They are many, as compared with none: but as regards sufficiency, their numbers are quite inadequate. Neither are they many, as regards the proportion of laborers to the people to be evangelised. The Sandwich Islands, with 80,000 inhabitants, have thirty-one missionaries. The Navigators' Islands, with a population of 160,000, have fifteen missionaries to instruct them. New Zealand, with 100,000, has forty. The population of the South Sea Islands under instruction is 800,000, and is taught by one hundred and twenty missionaries. In the West Indies, there are not less than *three hundred and fifty* missionaries to instruct a population of *two millions and a half*. More than seventy missionaries are crowded into the "five ports" of China and the Island of Hong Kong. But in India, for 130 (or, as some say, 200) millions of people, we have but four hundred and three missionaries. Whole provinces, and large towns with

thousands of inhabitants, are wholly uninstructed. In Bengal and Behar it has been reckoned that eighteen millions never hear the gospel. Within fifty miles of Calcutta, there are towns and villages with 30,000, 20,000, and 10,000 inhabitants, that never saw a missionary till the present year; and were so unknown that no map accurately described their position and size. Delhi, with 150,000 people, much more populous than New Zealand, has no missionary at all. Midnapore, with 70,000, has none. Azimghur, Bareilly, Purnea, Mymensing, and hundreds of other important towns and districts, have none at all. Excepting two missionaries at Lahore and one in Sindh, the Punjaub, Sindh, the Bhawalpore states, all Rajputana, all Oudh, Bundlekhund, the Nerbudda valley, and the great state of Hyderabad, have no missionaries whatever. Even Agra, the chief seat of the North West Provinces, has but eight missionaries, one of whom is absent; and Benares, the "holy city," with a permanent population of 300,000, has but eleven. In the whole presidency of Agra, containing numerous large towns, and peopled with the finest races in India, there are only *as many missionaries* (57) *as are engaged in the small negro settlements on the West Coast of Africa.* These things are seen in India; in India, under an English Government; in India, opened to the gospel; in India, white to the harvest. Has the church given to it its proper share of agency? Grand efforts are made to open doors that are closed;

while doors wide open are neglected! Oh! for more of the spirit of Him who "had compassion upon the multitudes, when he saw them as sheep without a shepherd."'

Mr. Mullens has recently appealed to the London Missionary Society to send out forty additional missionaries to India.

In the same spirit, Mr. Wylie, in his powerful appeal for more missionaries,* thus illustrates the deficiency of laborers in Bengal:—

'As to this great province, the south-western agency, I must add a statement to illustrate its magnitude and its claims. The great state of New York is in itself almost a nation. Its extent is upwards of 46,000 square miles—nearly as large as England. Now this important country is, after all, very little larger than the south-western agency, and its population is less by a million. Yet for the state of New York there are provided at this time, if I am not much mistaken, about three thousand Protestant ministers of the gospel, not a few of them men of a very high order, aided by thousands of other helpers of various kinds in their congregations. So again, this south-western agency is much larger than all Scotland, and has a much larger population; yet for Scotland's population of less than three millions, there are, I apprehend, about two thousand four hundred Protestant ministers. But for this province,

* 'Bengal as a Field of Missions.' By M. Wylie, Esq. 1854. Dalton. p. 195.

with four millions of souls, as Major Hannington calculates, or with six millions, as some believe, there are provided of male and female missionaries, only eighteen altogether, of whom only four are ordained.'

Well may this earnest advocate of increased missionary exertion say—

'The supply of missionaries for India generally, and for each presidency in particular, is utterly and lamentably inadequate, and the Lord's people here, in the deep mournful sense of the land's spiritual drought and misery, are constrained to cry to him in the prophet's touching words, "O Lord, though our iniquities testify against us, do thou it for thy mercy's sake."'*

And now, is there not a voice crying from the ground where these confessors stood and these martyrs fell—a still, small, but penetrating voice, loud enough to reach the Christian's ear and vibrate on his heart? Man of God, the voice of thy martyred brother crieth to thee from the ground: let its cry be heard. It tells of those who have been faithful unto death, and have seized the palm of victory; and it summons thee to thy share in the work of the Lord. If false Christians doubt the victorious power of the gospel, we point to these true believers, who were living 'epistles of Christ,' and who honored him even more by their death than by their lives. The duty assigned to us in the great moral conflict is very

* 'Bengal as a Field of Missions, p. 199.'

humble, and may be rendered without danger and personal suffering. We have to pray the Lord of the harvest to thrust out more laborers, and to act in a manner that will not condemn our prayers as hypocritical. If we aspire to a fellowship with those who have died for Christ, we must remember the sacrifices they have made, and emulate their fidelity by the surrender of luxury, and, it may be, of ease and comfort, for the great cause in which they were willing to die.

Who can contemplate the barbarities inflicted by these heathen without desiring that their minds should be brought under the softening and gracious influences of a pure Christianity? There has been a loud cry for vengeance against the murderous hosts beneath whose hands our people have fallen, and the work of the avenger has been performed in a manner and to an extent it is fearful to contemplate. The many-headed monster of rebellion has been subdued, if not completely slain, by the might which the God of nations has given to our country, and our tenure of the vast East is re-established. Be the future policy of the Government what it may, the policy of the church of Christ admits of no discussion; its duty is prescribed.

The work of the Christian warrior is to conquer error by truth, to overcome enmity by love, and, by 'the might of weakness,' 'by the preaching of foolishness,' to combat and overcome the delusions, the 'abominable idolatries,' and the polluted morals that

cover the whole land. There is a holy kind of vengeance to be executed, not against the persons of men, but against the evils that degrade and ruin them, and to this work 'the love of Christ constraineth us.' We read of a poor African convert, that, when he first learned the mercy made known to us in the gospel of Christ, he said to some of his friends, 'I wish I could now find the man that murdered my poor brother. I will search for him until I find him, for I long to tell him that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin, and can wash away his sin.' There are nominal Christians who have no sympathy with this forgiving and loving spirit, and who have to learn how the gospel enkindles the flame of holy love to God and man in the heart that receives it. They are morally unprepared to value the work of the Christian missionary, their indifference and opposition to which will cease only as they submit to the power of the truth. There are others whose personal consciousness and whose faith satisfy them that they are doing the highest good to the nations as they scatter abroad the healing leaves from the tree of heavenly life. They have been already recalled to the noble work which was rudely suspended for a little while, and they have met the summons with a cordial response. It may be hoped that many whose support of missions to India has not been commensurate with their ability will hear the appeal now addressed to their Christian liberality, and aid the Missionary Societies in their earnest

endeavors to give to India an efficient army of Christian soldiers.

Our great missionary institutions have resolved, having confidence in God, and also expecting to be sustained by the increased liberality of the church, that they will not only renew their operations in India, but conduct them on an enlarged scale.

The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel has resolved:—'That although the Delhi Mission, so blessed of God in its commencement, seems to be annihilated, for the present, by the death or dispersion of its missionaries and lay-teachers—God being its helper—to plant again the cross of Christ in that city, and to look in faith for more abundant fruits of the gospel from the ground which has been watered by the blood of those devoted soldiers of Christ;' and further, 'That the special prayers and offerings of the whole Christian community, and the personal services of clergymen who may be moved to take the place of those who have fallen, be invited, to enable the society to re-establish with increased strength, and on a broader foundation, the mission which has been for the moment quenched in blood.'

The members of the Church Missionary Society are deeply impressed with the magnitude and solemnity of the present conjuncture. They feel persuaded that unprecedented facilities are now presented for the entrance of the gospel of peace. They are prepared to revise the whole system of their missions in Northern India, which has been dislocated by the

recent convulsions. Their stations at Peshawur Mooltan, Amritsar, Meerut, Agra, Jubbulpore, Gorruckpur, Jaunpore, Benares, Bhagulpore, Burdwan, Kishnaghur, Santipore, and Calcutta, are so many centres for missionary action, with vast power of immediate expansion. They are resolved to prosecute this great enterprise on a new scale of comprehensiveness and vigor,' and their resolution has been sustained by liberal funds.

The directors and friends of the London Missionary Society 'have felt the general sympathy, and have determined, with God's help, to take their share in new and extended labors for the salvation of India.' They say that 'To many of their large-hearted friends it may appear that in limiting the number of additional agents to twenty, as compared with the pressing wants of India, the directors are deficient in faith and energy; but this limited proposal is made *only as the effort of the next two years*, and most earnestly do they hope that, through the abounding liberality of their constituents, this limited addition may prove but the beginning of a far greater increase.'

The Baptist Missionary Society resolves, 'under God's guidance, to reinstate the mission at Delhi, the martyrs' grave; to reoccupy the ruins at Agra, at Chitoura, and at Muttra, with doubled strength; to build up the waste places, and in these very spots, the scenes of crimes so fearful, and of atrocities unspeakable, declare to the wretched, deluded wor-

shippers of Krishna and Shiva, to the fierce and fanatic Moslem, the compassions of our God.'

The Wesleyan Missionary Society is about to send out ten devoted missionaries at once, and intends to increase the number as soon as funds will permit.

The proper work of the Christian missionary in India, that of preaching to the people in their own language 'the unsearchable riches of Christ,' will be materially assisted by the work of the Christian educator, who will labor faithfully to impart to the young the blessings of a sound instruction through the medium of their own language.

The Rev. William Campbell, in his 'British India,'* written nearly twenty years since, but recently re-issued, thus complains of the introduction of the system which has proved most prejudicial to the true interests of education and Christianity in India:—

'While vernacular education was making progress in Bengal, and the Marquis of Hastings and his lady were rendering it the greatest encouragement, and many were exulting in the effects which the schools were likely to produce, the Hindoo college was established, and was giving to the students an English education. For the first few years, entire failure seemed to threaten it, but the Government came to its support. Encouraged by some

* 'British India.' By the Rev. W. Campbell. pp. 531—533. Snow. 1858.

effects which it ultimately produced, others no sooner adopted a similar method, and held out a higher premium to the study of English in the prospect of office and emolument, than the usual kind of education fell to a discount; there was a rush to those schools where English was to be obtained; the native schools which had hitherto been regarded with esteem, were looked upon with scorn and contempt; the demand for books in Bengalee began to fall, while that for English rose very high; and if my information be correct, the native schools at Calcutta are now almost deserted, and very few think of sending their children to learn their own language.

'To some, this effect is a matter of great rejoicing; to me, it is a subject of the deepest regret, and I shall be greatly mistaken if it is not found, in the future, that it has driven back our cause for fifty years. When the frenzy is over, when the system has done incalculable mischief, and when many a dark and gloomy day has been prepared for Hindustan, the good will see that they must return to the old system, and begin their work at the point where they forsook the right road. The children in the native schools were receiving western literature and science through the medium of their own languages; and while they learned all that was good, there was nothing to hinder them from obtaining a respectable education, and from becoming blessings to others. But since that day English is

paramount. In all the Government schools and colleges, the children learn to read, to write, and to cipher in English; whatever instructions they receive are given in the same language; everything may be learned but Christianity; the teachers may give the students infidel books, and teach them atheism, but they dare not mention the name of Jesus; and such seminaries are to be established over Hindustan. As this system was unfolding itself, and the Government began to show it favor, the missionaries and the benevolent in Calcutta might have rendered a most important service to the state and to Christianity. Had they pursued their former course with greater assiduity and diligence, had they exerted all their powers to show that a useful and respectable and religious education could be given to the natives in their own language; had they remonstrated with the Government, and pointed out some of the effects which would certainly arise from the new scheme, then the system patronized by the Marquis of Hastings might still have triumphed; the languages of the people might have been rendered important, and have become now, as they must hereafter, the vehicle of western science and literature. But I appeal to all who are acquainted with the subject, whether the scheme of the Government was not extolled to the skies? whether missionary schools were not established on the very same principles, and whether some did not stand forward as the strenuous advocates of the course which Govern-

ment, and the new committee of public instruction, determined to pursue'?

These expressions of disapproval have been justified by the sad results that have followed from the system against which they are directed. Those results are thus described by Mr. Marshman, who says—

'For twenty years after that time, we had in fact nothing in India but English schools and seminaries and colleges, the consequence of which was, that we had 2,000 or 3,000 native youths educated to the highest degree in the knowledge of English and of European science, who were able to quote Shakespeare and Milton, and Addison, and Johnson; but, at the same time, a thick cloud of moral and intellectual darkness covered the whole body of the people.'

With a view to the supply of this vast want it is necessary to encourage the education of native agents for the work of teaching, men who are themselves instructed in the truths and morals of Christianity, who value them, and are prepared to give them due prominence in all the instructions they may have to impart. There are among the native converts many who, by proper training and encouragement, may be qualified to 'occupy the place of the learned,' and leave those nurseries of the church in which they have remained, it may be, too long, that they may go forth to sow the seeds of knowledge, divine and human, in the minds of their countrymen. As men

are brought under the power of the gospel who possess the natural abilities for the work of teaching, they should be furnished with the education necessary to qualify them for becoming the instructors of their brethren; and as they go forth to the work for which they are prepared, they will be well received: 'the wilderness and the solitary place will be glad for them, the desert will rejoice and blossom as the rose.' We therefore bespeak the favorable regard of the Christian public for the important organisation* recently formed for this purpose, whose primary object is to establish, in the great towns of India, training institutions, male and female, and to supply, as far as possible, in each of the native languages, school books and other educational works, prepared on Christian principles, each training institution to comprise a vernacular model school.

This society, which is supported by the representatives of the great missionary institutions, and by gentlemen intimately acquainted with the wants of India, will, as it becomes known, command the approval and aid of the Christian public. The Earl of Shaftesbury, in a comprehensive speech, delivered at the formation of this society, presented the following considerations in its favor, and they are now repeated in the hope that they may have their due influence on the readers of this volume, and secure their kind and liberal co-operation:—

'The moment you adapt your system to the habits,

* The Christian Vernacular Education Society for India.

the feelings, and the tastes of the country, they will enter into it much more readily when they find they have no great difficulties to overcome, no crabbed language to encounter; but that the objects of their desire—sound education and useful knowledge—are communicated to them in their mother tongue, the tongue to which they are so deeply attached, the tongue to which they have been habituated from their earliest infancy.

'Among the natives of the East there is always a great degree of suspicion and doubt, when any attempt is made by strangers to remove their prejudices; and that if they are approached by their own people, they are more likely to receive from them, than from any large body of Europeans who might be imported, all the various requirements of education. I think, too, that they would feel far more at their ease in each other's presence. It is a very long time before a European can adapt himself to all the peculiar habits, and feelings, and tastes of the people with whom he has to deal; and it is astonishing—and you may see it in our own country—if you deal with large masses of the working people, particularly those in the lowest state of ignorance and destitution—it is astonishing how difficult it is, for a long time, to win their confidence and adapt yourselves to their habits most fully, in such a way as to set them at ease, and set yourself at ease, so that there may be a free communication of heart to heart and mind to mind.

'We must all pay attention to the deep affection that people retain for the language they first heard from their mothers' lips. All history shews this to be one of the deepest affections in the human heart. We see it in Ireland in the present time. We know how long the Irish resisted our efforts, so long as we attempted to teach them in English; but with what avidity they now receive the Holy Scriptures, when circulated in their own native tongue. And we know that the Welsh, at this hour, will do anything to sustain the knowledge of their own language; and, knowing the English language, will not use it, on account of their preference for that tongue in which they were born. In point of efficiency, I think there can be no doubt of the importance of this portion of our plan.

'The plan which we propose will give us another advantage. It will set at liberty our missionaries, and allow them to devote themselves almost exclusively to missionary work. They are, many of them, now dragged down; and find their most important labors impeded, from the necessity of having to attend to the schools. The missionary ought to have a station; but only as a centre from which to radiate. He should be always itinerating, going from point to point, and preparing the soil. At present, he is too much confined to a station, and to a work which is, however important, secondary in comparison with missionary work.

'Great advantage will arise from this part of our

plan, that it will embrace what has never yet been combined—female, as well as male education. And female education I believe is, in many respects, of more importance than even the education of men. The training of schoolmistresses to superintend the education of females in that country will produce effects more permanent and more beneficial than any other scheme we could possibly introduce. To this end there is nothing of more importance than the institution and full operation of native agency; by this means the system which we propose to adopt will be most effective, and I have no doubt that its results will be such as we ardently desire, and such as very few of us are able to anticipate. But, of course much of this must depend upon the amount of support we receive.

'Another part of the scheme is of essential importance, and that is, the institution, not so much of Book Societies, as of a pure literature for India, either by original compositions in the vernacular tongue, of a sound and wholesome character, or else by the translation of our best English works into the languages of the country. Be assured, there is no one undertaking that is more likely to be effective, or better calculated to produce an immediate result. While the other operations require some delay, some preparation, and some care, this requires nothing more than paper and a printing-press, and a certain number of sound heads that shall write, and a certain number of still sounder heads that shall superintend

and correct that which is written. We have an example of that in our own country; and we need not hesitate about the result. We see what is done by the penny periodicals and other cheap publications, which are issued by tens of thousands day by day, and almost hour by hour, which spread over the whole country, and which have succeeded, to a great extent, in driving out much of the infidel, and seditious, and pestilential stuff which was circulated throughout the whole of the land. If you could but introduce into India the same system which has been introduced here—if you could but set up in Calcutta and other great towns, an association similar to that known by the name of the "Pure Literature Society" for the benefit of the people—in the course of a very short time, indeed, the effect on India would be such that, to use a common statistical phrase, you would be able to cover the three provinces with the paper you would distribute every month.'

The faith of the Christian church must look beyond the broken foreground, strewed as it is with the slain, and rife with armed opponents, and anticipate the day when the great conflict shall end in triumph. Let the blessed work go on until 'that day' when 'a man shall cast his idols of silver, and his idols of gold, which they have made each one for himself to worship, to the moles and to the bats;'—until the universal reign of the Prince of Peace, when 'the wolf and the lamb shall feed together, and the lion

shall eat straw like the bullock; and dust shall be the serpent's meat;'—until the heavens resound with the blessed tidings, that 'the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ;'—until,

> 'One song employs all nations; and all cry,
> "Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us!"
> The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks
> Shout to each other, and the mountain tops
> From distant mountains catch the flying joy;
> 'Till nation after nation, taught the strain,
> Earth rolls the rapturous Hosanna round.'

THE END.

J. M. BURTON AND CO., PRINTERS, IPSWICH.